THE KING AND "PARTY PEERAGES."

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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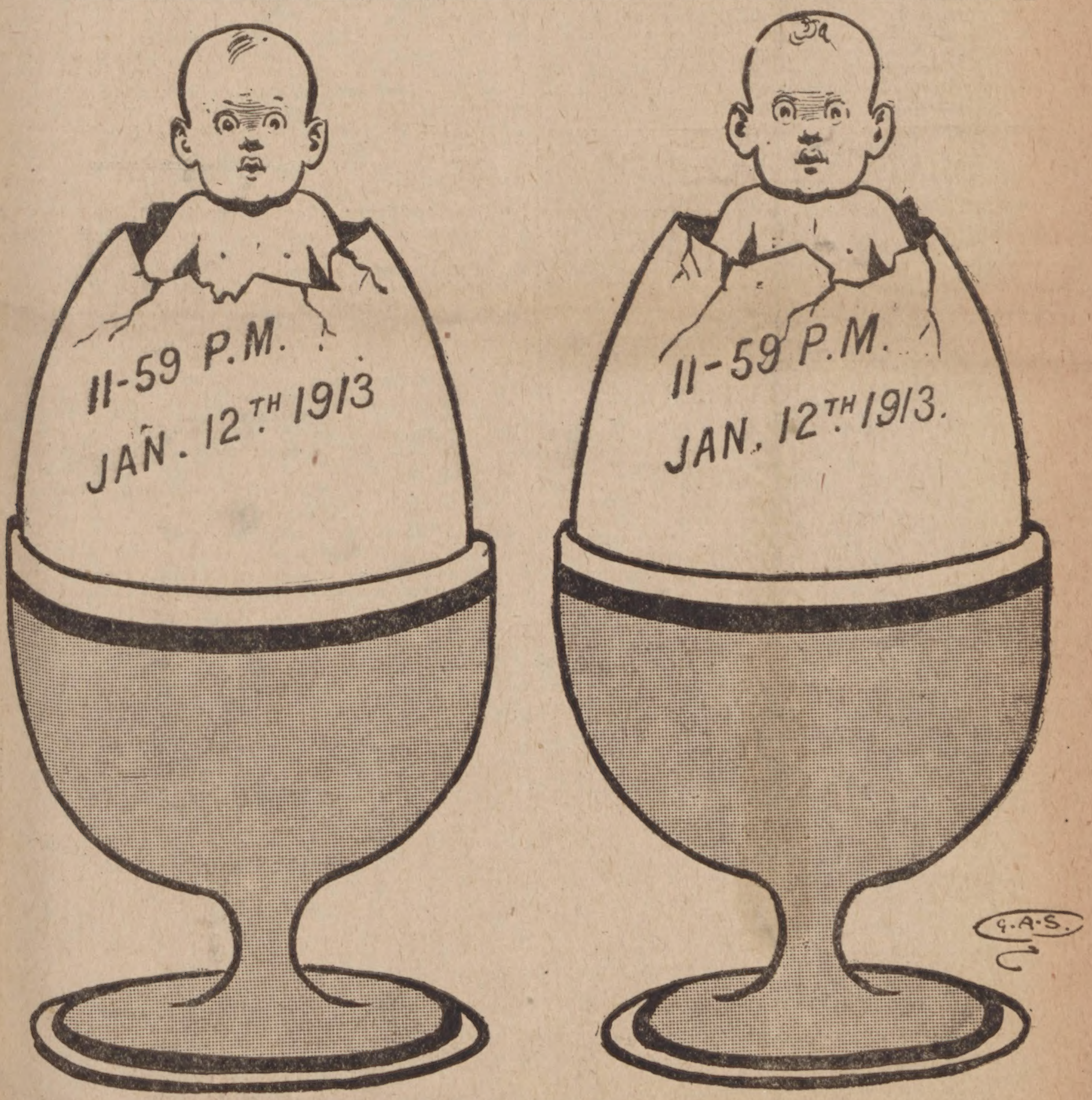

TOO BAD.

Employed contributors under the Insurance Act are now entitled to maternity benefit—30s. for children born after twelve midnight on Sunday, January 12th. Our artist's sketch. "Too Bad" or "A Minute too Soon," needs no explanation.

Modern Man

No. 220. Week ending January 18. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

THE KING'S REFUSAL TO CREATE ANY MORE "PARTY PEERAGES."

The topic of the week in Buckingham Palace has been the stern stand which King George has made in the matter of the granting of honours. Never since Mr. Asquith came into power has there been such a thin list of honours as that of New Year's Day, 1913, and there is immense discontent in certain Radical quarters at the failure of the Prime Minister to secure the granting of a number of titles which had been promised for months past.

The secret of this is that since King George's last Birthday Honours List was published in June the King has caused the College of Arms to provide His Majesty with a complete list of the Peerages created by the present Government, and when the list reached the Palace His Majesty had "a shock"! The list showed that over sixty Commoners have been ennobled since the Radicals came into power, and that if the process is allowed to continue at the pace set by the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, the House of Lords will soon have to be entirely rebuilt.

Subsequent to the submission of the Heralds' list of the "new nobility," the King brought up the subject on the occasion of one of the Prime Minister's visits to Buckingham Palace, and, in kindly but uncompromising terms, informed Mr. Asquith that the limits of party peerages had been reached, and that only under the most exceptional circumstances would any further coronets be awarded to persons distinguished only by their power of contributing to the party funds. Amongst the gentlemen whose names were submitted to the King for inclusion in the recent New Year's Honours List under the proviso of "exceptional circumstances" was Sir William Lever, Bart., the famous soap-maker, and the King, with no other reason than that the proposed honour was of a party character, erased Sir William Lever's name from the list.

Inner History of Sir George Clarke's Peerage.

The Peerage conferred upon Sir George Clarke, the Governor of Bombay, was not only not a party award, but was a surprise even to the Prime Minister himself.

Mr. Asquith was not even consulted as to the creation of a peerage for Sir George Clarke. Nor do the most confidential of the Radicals possess the remotest notion why Sir George has been ennobled. Even the *Daily News* was so completely ignorant of the reason for this creation that in its leader upon the New Year's Honours List it did not even allude to Sir George Clarke's peerage—which was wise of the *Daily News*.

But here is the inner history of the new "Lord Sydenham" (told, by the way, by a writer who knew Sir George Clarke well during his Governorship in India). When, a year ago, King George, at the Delhi Durbar, announced the change of capital from Calcutta to Delhi, His Majesty also announced that Calcutta would be the seat of the new "Province of Bengal." The first Governor of Bengal was Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, who is now ensconced at Belvedere, which has for many years been the seat of the now defunct Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal.

The Removal of a Grievance.

Sir Thomas was at once elevated to the Peerage as "Lord Carmichael," and his place as Governor of Madras was filled by the appointment of another member of Mr. Asquith's gang, Captain Sinclair, who had married Lord Aberdeen's daughter, and had been created "Lord Pentland." Also the new Viceroy, until he went to India, was simply Sir Charles Harding, and he was only elevated to the Peerage on his appointment as Viceroy. But the Bombay Presidency, which has the largest city in the British Empire as its capital—after London—and considers itself vastly more important in wealth and size than either Bengal or Madras, was snubbed by its Governor remaining a simple knight.

And the burra-sahibs of Bombay are ot the men to suffer snubs from Mr. Asquith—not by a long chalk. So their grievance has been removed by the ennoblement of Sir George Clarke.

No Need to Worry About Queen Maud.

It is amazing what a pack of nonsense is talked about Royalty in some of the less responsible papers. In the newest of the comic journals we read that the health of Queen Maud of Norway, King George's sister, is "in a decidedly unsatisfactory condition," and it is suggested that she is "afflicted with the same painful malady" that her sister, the Duchess of Fife, had at her age. Which, of course, is the veriest nonsense.

Queen Maud is in vigorous health. Some weeks ago she had to undergo a slight operation of a delicate nature, which necessitated her not walking about for a few days. Having obeyed the doctor's orders, Queen Maud entirely recovered, and is now in the best of condition. Her Majesty has no "painful malady" whatever, and is now in better health than she has been for months past. No one need worry about the Queen of Norway.

"Howler" from the "Daily Express."

But the *canard* about Queen Maud's "painful malady" was easily capped a few days ago by the *Daily Express*, which printed a story on its front page under the heading

TWO NEW DUKES.

There are not going to be "two new dukes." The gentlemen who, according to the *Express*, are to be made dukes are Prince Arthur of Connaught and Prince Alexander of Teck. These gentlemen are to be so elevated in order that they shall have seats in the House of Lords. Unfortunately for the *Express*, the New Year's Honours List contained no new dukedoms, either for Royalty or anyone else. This *canard* had its rise in an announcement in Mr. Mandeville's new paper that Prince Arthur was to be made "Duke of Kent," which, of course, he isn't. And the *Express* ignoramus simply improved on this story.

Now for the Facts.

What is actually contemplated, or, rather, has been discussed by His Majesty and Lord Knollys, is the advisability of conferring upon the Queen's *eldest* brother, the Duke of Teck, a title which would give him a seat in the British Legislature. Queen Mary considers it undignified that her eldest brother, married to the daughter of an English duke (Westminster), should be absolutely debarred from participation in the nation's affairs. (Our readers will not, of course, need to be told that the Teck title is a Wurttemberger dukedom.) And as the Duke of Teck is now forty-five years of age, and was born and bred in this country, it seems to Her Majesty only fitting that he should have an assured place in the hereditary hierarchy of Britain. (With which filial sentiment Her Majesty will assuredly

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

have the entire sympathy of all our loyal readers.) The Duke, too, has two sons, and as these young gentlemen boast an equal descent from old King George III. with the sons of his present Majesty, it seems quite necessary that the Duke of Teck should be made a Duke in the Peerage of England, unless the immediate relations of the Royal Family are to be perpetually excluded from the Peerage privileges which all the other members of the Royal clan enjoy. So it is by no means unlikely that the Duke of Teck will be thus elevated ere long.

No New Dukedom in Store for Prince Arthur.

But there is no intention of equally honouring the Duke's brother, Prince Alexander. And as for Prince Arthur of Connaught, he is already fixed up in this matter, being sole heir to his father's dukedom of Connaught and Strathearn, of which he will be the second bearer some day, and a member of the House of Lords, as his father is to-day.

In any case, Prince Arthur would not be made "Duke of Kent," which would make him a duke of a more recent creation than the one to which he is already heir, and a duke, too, of a title which has no national significance, whereas the Connaught title was created for the very purpose of including Ireland in the titles of the Royal Family (Ulster, Munster and Leinster being titles already appropriated).

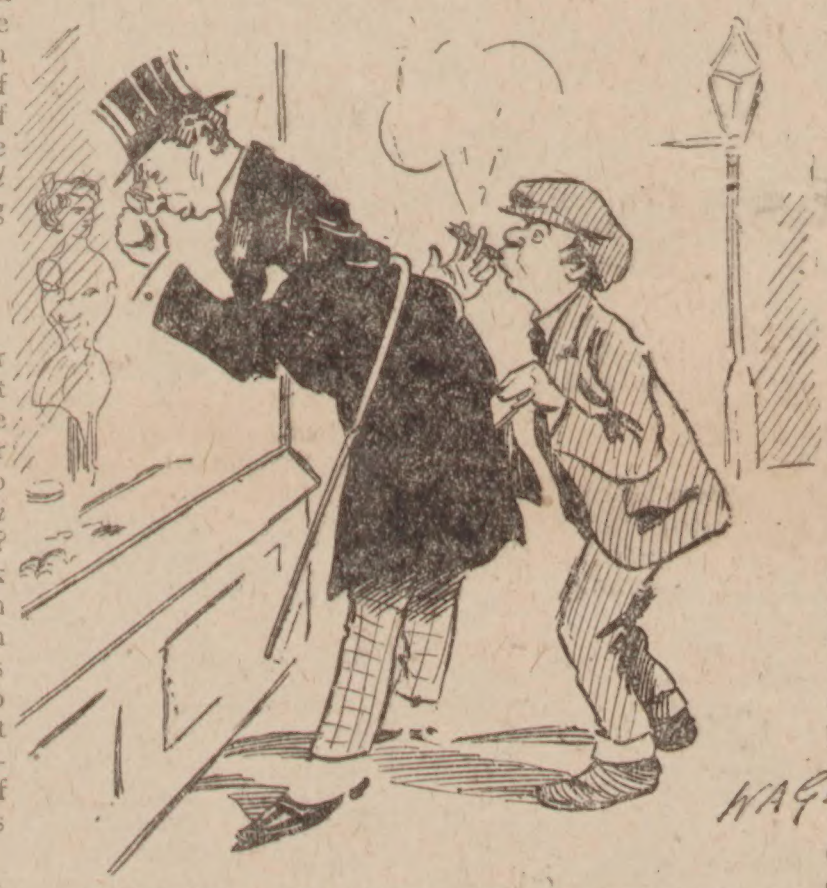
Everybody knows that it was in response to the hint shouted to the Queen in the streets of Dublin in 1859 by an old woman to "Make one of them Prince Patrick, Queen dear, an' ould Oirelan' will die for ye!" that Queen Victoria named her next son "Patrick of Connaught." The idea of Prince Arthur becoming "Duke of Kent" is the silliest *canard* we have heard for many a long day.

* * *

Hard Luck for Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

And who started that other catchpenny prophecy, i.e., that Mrs. Humphrey Ward was to be created a Member of the Order of Merit? The last paper to reiterate it was the *London Mail*, but which was the first? Anyway, the *Daily News* took the story so seriously that, on the strength of it, it ran out an account of the authoress's achievements running into several thousand words. What a lot of innocents our Fleet-streeters are, after all! Of course, Mrs. Humphrey Ward is not to be made "O.M."

No appointment more deliberately calculated to create jealousy and heart-burning could be imagined. All the same, Mrs. Humphrey Ward has our very real sympathy in the way her name has been hawked about by the irresponsibles of the comic Press.



TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "ART AND OPPORTUNITY."

* * *

Juvenile Immorality.

In emphatic though guarded terms Mrs. Humphrey Ward has stated a case for which evidence is shortly to be adduced before the London County Council. Mrs. Ward is convinced that many persons now giving their best energies to primary education will bear her witness when she says that one of their heaviest anxieties is concerned with an apparent increase of immorality and vice among children. There is, she contends, a terrible condition of things among certain strata of London children.

Sir John Kirk reluctantly believes that "the tone and morals of the young in the very lowest sections of society are deplorably bad. . . . Feeble-minded young girls in poor neighbourhoods are a ready prey to the vicious boys in the district." He blames the miserable conditions in which the lowest classes live. "For real progress," Sir John urges, "there is only one thing to be done. We must clear away the slums."

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Slum Problem and "Modern Man."

The slum problem is up against every reformer, and Sir John Kirk's cry sounds like an echo of what is insistently said on every hand—"clear away the slums." "Everybody's saying it," but nobody's doing it. More firmly than ever are we convinced that the drastic proposal formulated and put forward by *Modern Man* some weeks ago defines the only practicable and efficient scheme for accomplishing this clearing away of the slums, and for the substitution of tax-relieving State-owned house properties in town and country.

* * *

Life in the Village.

The Rev. D. G. Douglas is by no means alone in his indictment of village morals. What he said about the life of Dove Holes, near Buxton, in the course of his much-discussed watchnight sermon, is more or less true of village life generally.

"Village people would not be half so immoral as they certainly are if village life were less monotonous," is the contention of a reformer who has done much to brighten and enliven rustic existence in his own county of Kent. He sensibly argues that the village "pub"—but the village "pub" better provided with means of recreation—is a proper meeting-place for young men, but "where are the girls to go?" he asks. "The great want," urges another observer, "is an institute or hall, with reading, tea, coffee, and smoking rooms"—in other words, a club-house for both sexes, under proper supervision: while the former pleads more particularly for the evening opening for girls of the village market hall, where there is one available.

* * *

Enlarged Uses of Council Schools.

On what does all this throw us back? Quite clearly on another suggestion made by *Modern Man*, this being that the uses of Council Schools should be everywhere enlarged by making their facilities freely available, after school hours, for and by the local community generally.

Let the Territorials drill in them, and store their arms in them; let the Boy Scouts use them; throw them open for concerts, dances, and other entertainments, not as a matter of special privilege, but in the exercise of a common right; make the schools of the people's children the club-houses of the people.

* * *

A Fool on Tramp.

Mr. C. J. Rimington Taylor, described as the son of a London solicitor and hon. Scoutmaster of the Cardiff Lord Mayor's Own Scouts, has, the Press has thought it worth while to point out, "passed along the North Wales coast, in a bold attempt to walk round the world for a wager of £10,000 made among his London friends.

The time allowed him to complete the walk of 50,000 miles is five years, and one of the conditions is that he is not to receive help from anyone." . . . He has performed odd jobs, we are told, during his present progress of 5,000 miles, and had some very rough experiences in Scotland, being hopelessly lost for three days in a snowstorm.

"My food consisted of half a loaf," he is reported to have boasted, "a candle, and a raw rabbit, which I managed to kill. My bed was a hole dug in the snow and lined with newspapers."

O "Sport," what insanities are committed in thy name! But perhaps in this case it isn't "Sport," but only greed, and a braggart's yearning for notoriety. The raw rabbit item is sickening.

* * *

An Airy Fairy Tale.

Again summoned for driving a motor-car at excess speed (39 miles an hour to wit), Mr. James Valentine, the famous airman, pleaded—through his solicitor—that he was so used to being in the air, with its absence of restrictions as to speed, that he had forgotten the rules of the road.

It is hoped that his fine of £15, plus disqualification as a license-holder for twelve months, will help him to remember them.

SHAVE YOURSELF WITH OUR SAFETY RAZOR.

As you will have seen, our frontispiece this week is labelled "Too Bad", but we have little doubt but that you have already voted it "Jolly Good," and bang up to date.

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Vicar of Brixton and a Local Firm.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton, is—whatever else he may be—a man of pluck and resolution, who means what he says, says what he means, and then stands by in case anybody wants him.

Having charged a local firm with underpaying and overworking the girls in their employ, on the following Sunday he disclosed at a Brotherhood meeting the name of the firm, and gave painful details of their alleged injustice and want of consideration. He said that such conditions of employment as he had described drove girls on the street. Where sweated conditions prevailed in Brixton, be the offenders friends or enemies, he would speak out, without fear of the consequences. They talked of slavery in Africa, but they had it at their very doors.

Your move, local firm, your move—or are you waiting for some more?

* * *

New Perils and Difficulties.

There is grave reason to fear that the new perils and new difficulties to which they find themselves and their horrible business exposed are tempting White Slave traffickers into the consideration of new fields of quest, and the contemplation of new methods of procedure, and we are distressed to assert that many principals and agents are only "lying low" at the moment, waiting for the dying-down of the prevalent alarm and the slackening of present alertness.

They are watching for signs of re-action after the strenuous efforts at suppression codified in the new Act—hoping for and expecting a relaxation of public vigilance, a lull of the wakefulness into which the national conscience has been aroused.

Already it is urgently necessary for us to be on our guard against new machinations on the part of the vice-mongers, for already new activities are in design.

* * *

Advice to the Unsuspicious.

"Be suspicious" is the incessant lesson to be drilled into the minds of innocent young-womanhood. "Be suspicious" inculcates a National Vigilance Association pamphlet which the Controller has officially circulated among the now numerous body of female telephone operators, the official warning being emphasised by the citing of the two following instances of infernal ingenuity.

In the name of a girl friend, a man known to be associated with the White Slave Traffic telegraphed to a girl at one of the Exchanges lately, making an appointment for a meeting. But for the accident that the intended victim happened to meet her friend before the hour mentioned, and discovered that the telegram was a fraud, that "appointment" would have been kept.

In the second case, a pretty young operator was addressed as she left duty by a woman in the correct get-up of a Hospital nurse. Would the girl come at once to the Hospital, whence the "nursing sister" had been sent for her? Her poor father lay there dead—there had been an accident. As a matter of fact, the father had been in his grave a long time—so this attempt, too, "accidentally" failed.

The girl did well to report the incident; she could have done better had she given the procuress in charge, as, we presume, she could have done under the clause of the White Slave Bill, giving the police the power of summary arrest. The notice, further, draws attention to the fact that telephone girls have been offered drugged chocolates in trains.

* * *

A Pocket Microbe Farm.

Professor Hill says that it is an offence against society for anyone with a cold to cough, sneeze, or even talk without covering his mouth with a handkerchief to prevent himself from scattering everywhere the deadly microbes of his cold.

But what about the handkerchief? Would not that become a pocket microbe farm on a wholesale scale of operations? The fact is that the silk or linen handkerchief "as she is used" is already, without any further use, a disgusting and dangerous abomination. Nothing should be carried that need be sent to the wash.

A substitute is to hand in the form of a nose-napkin made of the Japanese-paper material now often used in the making of table-serviettes; and the ultimate (and speedy) destination of this flimsier handkerchief should always be the fire, and never the laundry.

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Judge Lumley Smith has asked "Do you know any means of stopping a woman?" Yes. We do. Dress a window artistically.

* * *

Woman in the Wrong Place.

"Women are far 'safer' as clerks than men are. A secret in business is rarely, if ever, divulged outside by a woman clerk. Unlike men, they do not, when they leave the office indulge in long conversations about their work. They put it from them. Men babble to men far more than women do to women."

Thus speaketh Miss A. M. Florence, Secretary of the Women Clerks' and Secretaries' Friendly Society. By way of comment we have only to remark that we don't think.

"More women clerks," proceedeth the oracle, "are now earning £150 than ever before, and the demand for women in offices is very great."

We fear this is true on both counts. If so, it is bad for men—and worse for women.

* * *

A Bishop on His Clergy.

To judge from his New Year Pastoral, the Bishop of Carlisle doesn't think much of some exceptional few of his clergy, concerning whom he declares (after referring to the good work that has been done): "Two or three are approaching the brink of exposure for their habits. Others seem afflicted with incurable indolence. The less they have to do, the worse they do it. Others are dull and listless. They get through Sunday, but Sunday does not shine through them. Their ministry is not ministry, but mechanism. They do not visit sympathetically. They take little loving interest in their people, and consequently their people take little loving interest in them, except to write to me when vacancies occur and say how dearly they would like to see them promoted. Their churches are shut from Sunday to Sunday, and on Sundays they are empty. Fortunately this class is very few."

We are a bit down on the clergy sometimes ourselves, but are bound and glad to say that in our experience they are as a body very different fellows from the "black sheep" who appear to have got mixed up with the Carlislean flock.

* * *

Our Municipal Note: "Mayor and Corporation."

SOUTHERN READER'S SUCCESS IN FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

He: "I saw all of you at the Theatre last night."
She: "All? Why I was by myself"
He: "Well—er—nearly—all of you."

Detected Detective.

Summoned "for using insulting behaviour, whereby a breach of the peace might have been occasioned," an alleged "private" detective has been bound over in £5 not to repeat the offence for six months—which sounds as though he were quite at liberty to repeat it after six months.

The prosecution was at the instance of a lady whose evidence that she had been followed about by men for three weeks was confirmed by her husband. It was made quite clear that she had been "shadowed" not only persistently, but so obviously that the "private" detectives in pursuit of her had really done their work publicly. One of them, when the lady stopped to fasten her shoelace, hid himself conspicuously behind a tree!

"Private inquiry agents" of the "Ha, ha! I am Hawkshaw the Detective" brand, are more effective on the stage than in the streets of suburbs.

* * *

Compulsory Training at the Antipodes.

Mr. R. Muirhead Collins (Official Secretary for the Commonwealth in Great Britain) has again put up a spirited defence of the Australian compulsory military training system. It is very easy to attack and deride this system, but it seems to us that one question should be pressed home on its every opponent—"what is your alternative proposal?"

Sometimes a pertinent and pregnant question like that reduces an objector to quicker and longer silence than any amount of argument.

* * *

Buying Babies.

There appears to be in America an established trade in the sale and purchase of babies, prices ruling from a few shillings to as many pounds. Baby boys and baby girls are supplied to order and to description, many of them to be foisted on unsuspecting husbands who are not fathers.

Most of the business is done through the medium of newspaper advertisements. More than one Hospital superintendent has expressed the opinion that if all the avenues open for the disposal of babies were closed to "unfortunate" mothers there would be a rise in the infant-mortality returns—which sounds bad.

Ex-Attendant and Private Asylums.

An ex-attendant at a private lunatic asylum has just made some astonishing admissions concerning the way in which some of these institutions are managed, and he considers it high time that all private asylums should be nationalised, thus placing them under the direct control of the Government.

He asserts that one can always reckon that a patient sent to a private asylum will be there a good time. In one or two cases, the institutions are practically family concerns, and as each member wants to make a little, they do their best to see that the patients are not cured very quickly. If a person has been put away by his family, the chances are some money affair is at the bottom of it. The fee in this case is a large one, and if the patient be particularly strong-willed, and contact with real lunatics has no effect on him, the attendants are instructed to play on his feelings.

"Don't go near that man," they warn the other patients, "He is dangerous!"

The isolated victim merely laughs for a time, but when the warning is repeated day after day, it irritates him, and he either tries to escape or seizes an attendant. Immediately, the incident is written down in an official book, and the poor fellow, now dubbed "dangerous," is rushed off, and, brutally treated, and isolated in a bare, cheerless chamber that makes him worse than ever."

* * *

A Radical on the Insurance Act.

The President of the great meeting recently addressed at Aberdeen by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject (especially) of his Insurance Act was Doctor Albert Westland.

Dr. Westland has since resigned the presidency of the Aberdeen Radical Association, in consequence of his disapproval of that Act. In his letter of resignation he writes: "I cannot believe that measures of social reform when linked with, and to some extent, dependent on, acts of despotic injustice to sections of the community can be real, permanent value, and accordingly I must dissociate myself from any official tie with the party initiating such legislation."

"NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS WILL BE SENT TO YOU FREE.

ROYAL PRINCESS WHO MARRIED A STABLE-LAD.

NONAGENARIAN ROYAL LADY'S AMAZING ROMANCE.

REAL LIFE STORY THAT SHAMES FICTION.

Who is the oldest Royal personage in Europe? How many people could answer that question? When, a few weeks ago, the ninety-year-old Regent of Bavaria died, the papers almost universally described him as "Europe's oldest Royalty," which, of course, was not so. The oldest living member of the European Royal clan—for in reality they are all one immense family—is the "Baroness Judd." That is a title that does not sound very Imperial, but in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland it is a name which calls up memories of one of the most remarkable love stories that have occured in real life—a story of so charming, yet amazing, a character, that if a Hall Caine or a Rider Haggard embodied it within the pages of a yellow-back" the novel-reading public would condemn the writer for offering them a narrative which did not come within the bounds of probability. Yet, as will be seen, the life-story of Baroness Judd literally puts fiction to shame!

Expectation of "Something Happening."

Though known for many decades as "Baroness Judd" the subject of this article was born of the highest blood in Germany, and christened "Princess Charlotte Amélie of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen." She grew up a charming girl, full of natural sweetness, but yet with a "will of her own," and fixed and unalterable ideas about the necessity of marrying for love.

The present Princess Charlotte's parents were not the actual rulers in the Schwarzburg state, Her Royal Highness's father having been the only brother of the grandfather of the present reigning Prince of Schwarzburg. His duties not detaining him in Schwarzburg, Princess Charlotte's father and mother used to travel in state about Europe, getting as much pleasure as possible out of life, and inspired also with a determination to make their daughter a Queen.

On the score of birth she was above reproach, and in the days when Queen Victoria first came to the throne of England, Charlotte of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen was a young lady with whose prospects Continental society deeply concerned itself.

One day, the Princess Charlotte and her father and mother arrived at Berne, the capital of Switzerland. They had an expectation of "something happening" in Berne; and the young Princess was in high spirits.

She had never seen the gallant officer to whom she was expected to return a quiescent "Yes," should he be so far "taken" with her as to "pop the question," but he was of the first rank, young, reported good-looking, and well-brought-up—which was then by no means a *sine qua non* with Royal beaux in Germany.

Left a Changed Woman.

But that afternoon, only an hour or two before Princess Charlotte was to meet the man who was to call her "wife," her youthful Royal Highness got out of her carriage in the courtyard of her parents' hotel, and as she did so she noticed that her horses were being unharnessed by a young groom of the hostelry. In that moment the whole tenour of the Princess's life was changed.

What it was about the groom's face the Princess did not then know, but there was "a something" which left her a changed woman. The intended bridegroom, duly appeared, but the Princess could scarcely talk to him. Her brain was full of a face—the face of a groom! Her Royal Highness waited patiently until she could learn all there was to learn about him, and ere long she learned that he was an unsophisticated stable-lad named Hans Judd, quite ignorant, and totally unsuspicious that a Royal Princess was tossing upon her pillow o' nights about him, and bathing that pillow with tears at the thought of all the sorrow and disappointment that her new-found love was about to cause. But the idea of giving up her stable-lad never once troubled Charlotte of Schwarzburg after her decision was made!

The storm which she foresaw when she went to her father and mother with her love-story was terrible in its fury! All the anathemas which common politeness permitted the Prince to shower upon his daughter were showered! White with passion, the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen's brother swore that no marriage between a daughter of the House of Keverenbourg and a menial servant should be consummated, and at once and by night the Schwarzburgs passed the Alps, leaving a rosy-cheeked stable lad in the attic, above his post-horses sleeping soundly without the remotest idea that he had caused the flight of a whole family of Royalties across the mountain passes of Switzerland. Such are the ironies of love in real life.

Snubs for all Royal Suitors.

But there was no triumphing over the love of Charlotte of Schwarzburg! She caused an intimation of her passion to reach the ears of the startled stable-lad in Berne, and while her parents were making frantic efforts to get her married to a Royal prince, Hans Judd had actually been brought to the very walls of the Castle in Schwarzburg, and was being tutored for the part of the husband of a Royal princess by the accredited, though secret, servants of her twenty-year-old Royal Highness, the Princess Charlotte.

"Love laughs not merely at locksmiths," but at castle keeps, portcullises, moats, and sentries! Day by day Princes Charlotte received a report of the progress of her beloved Hans, and day by day her ardour to possess him grew the greater. One by one she snubbed all the smart young Royal gentleman who were brought to her, and all the time she was a close prisoner, never out of the sight of her enemies for one moment, asleep or awake, with never a moment in which her love could find its own.

So Charlotte of Schwarzburg went on month by month, and year by year, faithful, confiding, and full of hope, until her father died, and she was able to do as she wished.

Rewarded After Twenty Years.

Twenty years passed away before the reigning Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen could be prevailed upon to reward his Royal relative's long years of waiting by allowing her marriage with the stable-lad from Berne! And then happiness came at last.

One day the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen issued a patent of nobility to the stable-boy who had now become a gentleman, and henceforth, for the rest of his life, he was the "Baron Judd." This, of course, made everything easy.

No longer was the marriage a *mésalliance*; it was merely morganatic, which is quite another thing. And then Princess Charlotte and her Baron did a wise thing. They shook the dust of Schwarzburg from off their feet for ever.

They left the days of their penance behind, and went back to beautiful Switzerland, to live out the rest of their lives in the bonds of love. The Princess's parents were both dead, and their palace was full of painful memories of the trouble she had caused them. So the Princess dropped her Royal title, and became the "Baroness Judd," and with her husband took up her abode in the Bernese Oberland, amidst scenes of romance and beauty.

Lady Bountiful of Romantic Land.

For several years the Baron and Baroness Judd lived ideal lives, but in 1864, after only eight years of felicity, the groom-baron passed away, and for nearly half a century his Royal widow has resided in Switzerland, the Lady Bountiful of that romantic land, beloved by all who know her.

The Baroness Judd, once her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte Amélie of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, is now the oldest Royal personage in Europe, a signal instance of the triumph of love over both the ravages of sorrow and extreme longevity.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO BEGIN TO READ "SIN."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

Why does the owner of certain proprietary medicines so repeatedly change his name and business address? And has it anything to do with his one-time business connection, under another name, with a murderer who suffered the extreme penalty some time back?

* * *

Why was the solitary lady in evening dress, driving in a private electric brougham along Kensington Gore at about 1 a.m. last Tuesday morning, so carefully brushing and combing her hair with the aid of a small hand mirror?

* * *

How much did the suburban magistrate pay the amateur camera-fiend for the negative of a photograph taken of the former—not unaccompanied—on Barnes Common some days ago? And how is the anxious purchaser to know that the c.-f. has no positives of it in his possession?

* * *

How was it that certain highly interesting developments regarding the Peace Conference have not yet been published by a greedy Press, considering that they were babbled out, under the influence of wine, by a prominent Government official at a private dinner party several days ago?

* * *

And how does the Government propose to put a judicious limit to the length of the tongue of the dignitary in question?

* * *

Was not the juvenile member of the Royal Family, who called in a taxi at a small private house close to Swiss Cottage, rather angry at being kept waiting for twelve-and-a-half minutes in the drawing-room? And did he really believe that it was the doctor whom he observed to leave the house, just before the charming hostess admitted him?

* * *

Why did the "lad of the village" who, two or three afternoons ago, left a West End bar with a fair companion and got into a taxi with her, re-appear in the same bar about forty-five minutes later, panting, dishevelled, with a big black eye, and a villainously dirty collar, and groaning out a request for a brandy and soda?

* * *

What are the Post Office authorities and the National Hunt Committee going to do to discover the identity of the leery turfites who, by means of bogus telegrams, blocked the wires during the Wye meeting last Monday in order to engineer a "starting price job"?

* * *

How long is a coffee-stall-keeper in a Western suburb to be allowed to keep secretly under his counter and dispense at heavy prices to chosen customers, brandy, whisky and other alcoholic drinks without a license and during prohibited hours? And why do the local police, though they are well aware of this practice, take no notice of it?

* * *

Does the heir to a title, who has become engaged, possess a thorough recognition of the character of the flats in which his fiancée has been living for some years?

* * *

Who is the privately-employed chauffeur who is in the habit of driving his master's car slowly round the West End at night, in the hope of being hailed by inebriated persons under the impression that the vehicle is a taxi-cab?

* * *

How was it that a wealthy man, charged with a disgraceful offence in a West End park, got off so easily? And in view of the strength of the evidence against him, would he have done so if he had not been wealthy?

* * *

Is it business or enjoyment that keeps a curate in a smart South-Western suburb away from his lodgings until the small hours of every morning? And if it is business, is the latter of a nature which the curate would willingly communicate to his vicar?

* * *

If the noble father, anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of his three-year-old son, who was recently kidnapped by its mother, not long divorced, should bethink himself of setting enquiries on foot at Hounslow, Middlesex, he will not be very far off the track.

Who was the heavily veiled, but apparently young, lady who called in so high a state of excitement on a Harley Street specialist on New Year's Day? And why, after a short consultation, did the doctor drily inform her that he regretted he could not undertake the case?

* * *

Who was it who forged the Bishop's signature to a big cheque? And why did the Bishop, after declaring that the cheque was forged, suddenly recant and affirm that the writing was his own?

Further, why did he afterwards dismiss his lady secretary, with three months' salary in lieu of notice?

* * *

Who was the light-hearted Bohemian who borrowed a sovereign from an acquaintance in the Haymarket—and is now looking anxiously and angrily for that acquaintance, as a result of his speedy discovery that the "coin" was a Coronation medal?

* * *

Time 2 a.m.:—Say, Mister Policeman, can you find me a door to fit this latchkey?

Why does the West End "juvenile lead" carry so many conjuring devices about with him? And is there any truth in the rumour that he uses these to add to his income by means of occasional playful bets in certain clubs and lounges?

* * *

We warn people desirous of letting their West End flats furnished, against the wiles of a plausible-mannered and well-dressed man, posing as a retired Army officer—he is really an actor who might have done well had he chosen to go straight. He "obtains possession" by paying a month's rent in advance, and then decamps—after borrowing money on a bill of sale on the flat's furniture, of which he pretends to be the rightful owner.

* * *

We can hardly congratulate on her common sense a lady who writes to us, asking whether she is the subject of a recent paragraph, in this feature, regarding a sultry cinema show, near Greek Street, W. The natural—and only—comment is—"If the cap fits, etc."

* * *

Why did the gay and roystering—but often impecunious—young barrister emerge one night last week from a subterranean retreat, close to Piccadilly, attired in a blue holland overall and trousers, in which he started on a trudge to Maida Vale?

SEND TO-DAY FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS.

THE CINEMA PERIL.

What Some of Our Readers Think.

Having charged against the cinematograph that the public exhibitions only possible by its means are injuring the eyesight of young and old; having shown that a nation with bad eyesight is a nation in bad health; having published the testimony of a leading eye-specialist, in full corroboration, and in expert amplification, of our whole indictment, we are content to leave the case in the hands of the public; sensible that in discharging a duty which we owed to them and to ourselves we have "done the State some service."

It needed some courage to place ourselves in apparent antagonism to so popular an institution as Cinematography, but in doing what we deem it right to do we are not in the habit of counting the odds to our hurt or prejudice, and in disregarding them in this case we have only been consistent.

Having unhesitatingly incurred the risk of giving offence and arousing opposition, we are now solicitous to make it clear that behind our animadversions there has been, and is, the hope that the wide-spread concern that our articles were bound to excite, and have excited, will soon be allayed by the invention and adoption of a means to remove the source and cause of the evil and the danger in the exposure of which *Modern Man* stands first and alone.

History of Improvement.

The indicated achievement is surely not to be regarded as impracticable. Though its growth has been so rapid, Cinematography is of very recent origin. Its short history is a history of continuous improvement in many respects; and now the time is ripe—we have ourselves helped to ripen it—for the introduction of an improvement greater than all the others put together. Fortune waits, waits with both hands full of prizes, for the advent of the man who will so steady the films as to remove the principal offence of "picture shows." When that is done, in the first place, when there are no seats so close to the screen as there are at present, and when one or two other demands have been complied with, then, but not before, we will haul down the danger-warning signal we have hoisted.

Among various suggestions and recommendations which have reached us from as many quarters is one proposal which has received the cordial endorsement of a physician attached to a famous eye hospital. It is that there should be an appreciable interval between each set of pictures—an interval long enough for a song or other item of entertainment.

Before we refer to some few of the many letters we have received from readers who have taken our warnings to heart, we would lay some stress on the fact that of all the thousands of persons connected with the Cinematograph business, by employment, investment, or other interest, not one has attempted to contravene a single one of our statements, or dispute a solitary count in our accusation. This silence is eloquent.

"My eyes have been going bad for several years, and getting worse all the time," declared one; "my general health gradually following suit. I was utterly at a loss as to what to put it all down to. You have enlightened and convinced me."

Schoolmaster's Conviction.

The headmaster of one of the best-known private schools in the Midlands tells us: "Since I allowed my boys, as a reward for good behavour, to attend the picture hall in the adjoining town, there has been among them an increasing number of cases of eye-trouble and headache. The local doctor, once practically a stranger in his professional capacity, became at length quite a frequent visitor, but little or no benefit resulted from his advice and treatment. He attributed the ailments (of both eye and head) to causes which I felt and knew could not be the right ones. Your first article on the danger of cinema exhibitions pointed to what I am firmly convinced was the true origin. This conviction is now shared by the doctor—and we are both acting accordingly, he in his practice and I in my school."

More highly than any other letters of thanks and appreciation do we value those from mothers and fathers—such as we quoted from last week. Such expressions as "You have opened our eyes to a danger we never thought of," "We look upon you as the wise and true friends of our little ones," and "We thank and bless you for what you have written," are assurance of parental support as well as of parental gratitude.

YEARS AFTER.

A Problem Sketch.

A silent grim fellow was Ted Henson, a man with a history, I've heard different people say. It's a common enough story—a worthless woman and a man over head and ears in love.

He married her, and, as I was best man, you see I know the ins and outs of it. She was a lovely girl, in a tobacconist's shop where the undergrads used to go and lark, and Ted got caught. I never dreamt she had him so fast until he asked me to be his best man.

"You're ruining your life," I said.

He muttered something about having ruined her, and I laughed.

"A light-o'-love like her," I said. But I got no further; he was in deadly earnest.

I helped at the ceremony, but I'd rather have attended his funeral.

And before the year was out she went off with another man, a man he'd given a temporary home to for old friendship's sake.

That changed Ted Henson. He grew saturnine, gave up society, and went abroad for months. He never mentioned her or him. I always fancied he traced them, but he never spoke of either. I hoped he'd divorce her and get another wife, but he didn't. He'd had enough of women, I suppose, and freedom meant nothing to him.

Six years ago it all happened.

* * *

That's his knock!

He comes into my bachelor rooms looking almost as he used to look before he met her—the woman who changed him from the old Ted Henson that I once knew.

"Suppose we go and have a look in at the Frivolity. I hear there's a new dancer on."

I agree.

It is one of the finest variety halls, and the turns are all good ones.

The dancer is remarkable for very little beyond very skinny arms and very thick legs, but there is a pretty little girl who sings a sentimental song as if she felt it.

"Poor kid!" says Ted.

I dare say she is the mother of a family, but I don't say so aloud.

Ted's heart is all right—if only that woman had never scarred it.

There was a woman in front of us with just Ted's wife's yellow hair, but when she turned her face the resemblance faded.

We got up and went into the bar for a drink. We found several chaps we knew there, so we stopped.

A fellow singing to a piano was on the stage, and his voice reached us, giving us no desire to hear him nearer.

When we did go back there was only the bioscope left. We sat it out, however. I don't know why.

It was raining heavily as we stood under the portico, waiting for a taxi.

"Beastly wet night!" said Ted.

One or two painted ladies passed us, with attendant cavaliers.

Several, still angling, loitered under shelter, holding up silken skirts and smiling to all and sundry.

"What a sight!" I said to myself.

A fait whiff of a scent that seemed vaguely familiar came toward us, a scent that was not patchouli. There was a rustle of garment quite close to us, and a hand was laid on Ted's arm, while a voice spoke softly.

"Would either of you gentlemen care to see me home?"

The rain was falling in torrents. The lights flared above us.

Ted turned his head at the same time as I did, and he looked into the eyes of his wife!

His dead past was the living present.

"Do you believe in luck?"

"Yes, sir. How else could I account for the success of my neighbours?"

* * *

At the theatre, a girl by your side is worth two on the stage.

* * *

Man's troubles are nine-tenths feminine gender.

TRY TO POCKET OUR £250 FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

SOME STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A recent report on Sweating Industries gives details of women doing fancy-knitting at 1½d. per hour. Fancy, knitting at 1½d. per hour!

* * *

Miss Yellowleaf: Which is the proper side of the street to walk upon?

Miss Caustique: If I were your age I would choose the shady side!

* * *

Matilda (pining for pleasant words): Oh, Jimmy, I cannot understand it. Why do you lavish this wealth of love on me when there are so many girls more beautiful and worthy than I?

He: I'm blowed if I know.

* * *

Did you ever notice that a man's creditable ancestors are never half as much use to him as his rich ones?

* * *

YET THEY WANT TO VOTE.

They stood outside the busy shop,
And gazed at things displayed:
At hat and gowns and lingerie,
For widow, wife, and maid.
"A pretty thing," he said at last,
And pointed at a hat.
"A pretty thing!" she quick returned.
Why, *no one's* wearing that!"

He remained discreetly silent,
Till he saw a tailored suit.
"There!" he cried, "is a corker;
That's what I call a beaut!"
She turned on him a glance of scorn,
A glance that crushed him flat;
And the verdict that she uttered was:
"They *all* are wearing that!"

—*Puck.*

* * *

Landscape Artist: Have you a dog about here? I've lost one.

Rustic: Wot sorter dog?

Artist: What sort? Oh, an awfully well coloured dog—a raw sienna colour, you know, with a touch of orange in the high lights and burnt amber in the shadows.

* * *

Housewives are now asking moths what they camphor.

* * *

The President of a Paris court expressed the view that young couples ought to draw up a contract at the moment of their engagement—with a penalty clause in the event of it being broken off. It seems to us that there could be no worse penalty than insisting on the couple getting married.

When a chorus girl steps in at the door, money flies out of the taxicab.

* * *

UNPRESSED.

"Did you notice Miss de Fashun's dress at the party last night?"

"Yes, terribly baggy at the knees, wasn't it?"

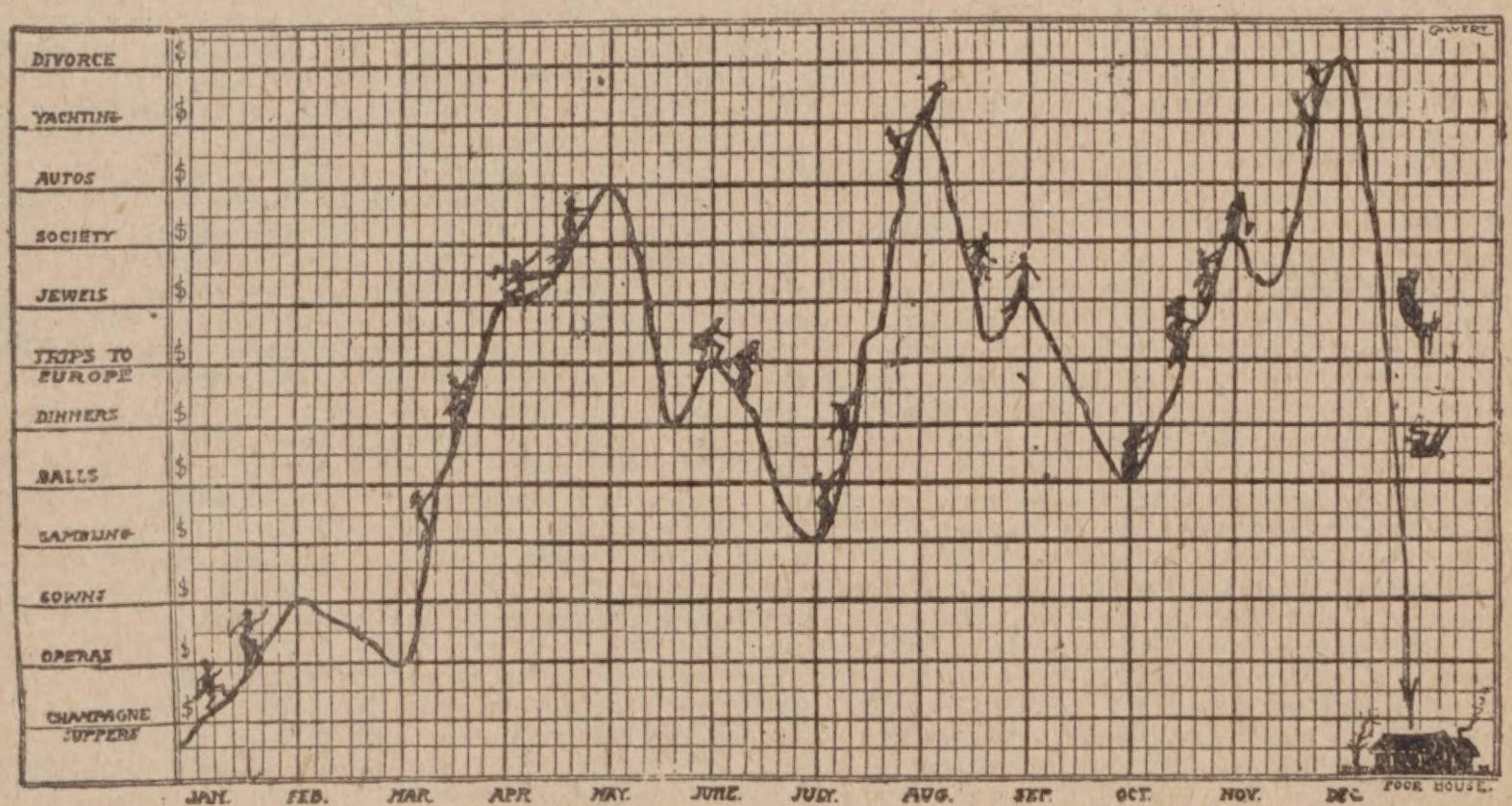
Sydney Bulletin.

* * *

Manslaughter is against the law, but man's laughter is a mighty good thing.

* *

Greedy men get riches by toil, keep them in fear, and part with them in pain. It is better to be poor and happy.



THE LATEST SOCIETY CHART: "OVER THE HILLS TO THE WORKHOUSE."

New York Judge.

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS

TABLOID TOPICS.

An Interesting Pointed Mixture.

The taxi-cab strike has been called "the strike to live." As a rule, they strike to kill.

* * *

Over eleven thousand pounds was the sum earned by 774 convicts at Parkhurst Prison in 1912. Hence the saying "*Time* is money."

* * *

In some districts Mr. Lloyd George has found some difficulty in completing his "panels." This, however, has not altered his "frame" of mind.

* * *

Is 1913 an unlucky year. The dear girl who has to wait until 1916 for another chance of proposing, thinks it is.

* * *

"You cannot stop a woman from talking, by summons or otherwise," said the Lambeth magistrate. Men are always criticising women. Is it not time that women spoke for themselves?

* * *

Over a hundred derelict petrol cans were picked up in the Solent after a recent wreck. Evidently someone had been trying to pour oil on troubled waters.

* * *

Rhosllanerchrugog shopkeepers are complaining that their trade boom is being spoilt by Scotch drapers. A bad spell of trade is nothing to trying to get their own name spelt properly.

* * *

There were more than eight hundred volumes on religion and theology published in 1912. Judging by its rarity elsewhere, all the religion nowadays seems to have been put into books.

* * *

"Women should select their servants by observing their facial features," says Mr. Gordon Stables. Most mistresses already declare that as far as "cheek" is concerned, it is difficult to choose between them.

* * *

Twenty policemen surrounded a building in Great Portland Street in order to arrest a supposed burglar who proved to be the office boy who had been inadvertently locked in. What a chance the late Home Secretary must have missed!

* * *

A notice in a Berlin restaurant reads thus: "On payment of a guest bill, waiters in this establishment are expected to say 'thanks' even when no tip is given." We understand that most of the customers are now testing whether this rule is being carried out.

* * *

Man has his price, woman her figure—and both of them are uncertain.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw has been asking his audiences to laugh less if they wish to get way from the theatre half an hour earlier. In the case of some other playwrights, we should prefer to stay half an hour longer on the off-chance of hearing something to laugh at.

* * *

During the taxi-drivers' strike there were 6,500 taxis taken off the streets. Hotel-porters were heard to express their annoyance in picturesque language; in other words, the fewer cabs the more blasts.

* * *

Newspapers are now read over the telephone to the lighthouse keepers at the Needles, Isle of Wight. There can be no excuse now for the men not being aware of any shipwreck that has taken place near that lighthouse.

* * *

The following notice has been placed on the notice-board of a hotel in Switzerland: "The turkey-trot is prohibited in this hotel." Now the proprietors need only give instructions to the cheese, in order to make patronage a "dead certainty."

* * *

Mayor Fehrman, of Elgin, Illinois, says he is determined to put a stop to the practice of "making eyes" at girls in public. One of these girls was heard to remark, "Its a mad idea to try and stop the glad eye, dear."

JEWEL ROBBERIES.

Revelations by a West End Thief.

Within the last few months there has been a remarkable number of jewel robberies from the houses of wealthy people in London and throughout the country. Let it be noted that we do not include in this total those robberies which have been committed in jewellers' shops—for these are trivial affairs, a watch and a bracelet or two snatched up in haste before the thief bolts from the establishment and while the assistant's back is turned. We are alluding to big organised hauls from the town and country houses of society folk, where the thefts generally amount to thousands of pounds' worth of stones and other valuables.

The writer of this article has happened on some remarkable information with regard to the way in which some such robberies are engineered. In the majority of cases where large quantities of valuables are purloined from private residences, the thieves are alleged to receive valuable assistance from a hitherto totally unsuspected quarter.

This knowledge was gleaned by the writer recently from one of the cleverest West End jewel thieves in the "profession."

Dealers and Demand.

This worthy, a short, dark-complexioned, black-eyed and black-haired man, smartly dressed and clean shaven—an individual who in the numerous intervals between his not over-frequent burglarious operations—for these are invariably so lucrative as to admit of protracted "resting"—is well known on every race-course in England, waxed confidential recently, over a small bottle of Pommery, in a favourite resort of the "flash" community not many miles from Shaftesbury Avenue.

Said he, "Does no idea strike you as the fundamental reason for the large number of jewel robberies?" and the writer, barring a tentative suggestion that it was due to an ambition—laudable or otherwise—on the part of the thieves to acquire wealth quickly, was fain to admit ignorance. His informant smiled.

"There is no constant supply and demand for jewellery as there is for meat or groceries," he said meaningly. "And if an artificial demand were not created, the dealers would go into bankruptcy. Thus it is that the dealers make it their business to create this demand."

"And how do they manage this?" enquired the writer. The other leaned over the table before replying.

Hand in Glove with Crooks.

"Why, by seeing that their customers lose a considerable portion of their valuables now and again. You can take it from me that there are many big dealers in jewellery hand-in-glove with the crack thieves. The procedure is this: The dealers are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in the full confidence of their customers. They know exactly whereabouts in the latter's residences the 'stuff' is kept. I may point out here that in surprisingly few cases do well-to-do people exercise the caution of sending their jewellery to banks or strong rooms. No, they are satisfied to keep it locked up in a safe in the owner's study or some such place—and generally the only person, beside the owner, who knows exactly where, is the jeweller himself . . ."

"So you mean ——?"

"I mean that whenever a jeweller sees a chance—say, for instance, that a client has gone away for some shooting, leaving his jewellery locked up in his town house—that jeweller will take the opportunity of informing one of the 'heads' of this valuable fact. He does this, of course, with the greatest secrecy—though he knows that in any case the thief, knowing that the jeweller is his very good friend, will not give him away. The thief takes note of the information, and cracks the crib; and the customer, on his return, finding his valuables gone, wails loud and long. But, nevertheless, he goes to the jeweller and buys more jewellery, which is just what the dealer wants. Now, do you understand?"

"Another point," added the informant in conclusion. "How do you suppose the thief generally gets in? By breaking in? Nothing so archaic. One of the servants is bribed—and the money comes originally from the jeweller—to let him in. If it were not for this there would not be so many retired butlers keeping cosy inns and other businesses all over the country. Think it over."

And the writer went away, thinking it over.

ROCHESTER READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

TIT-BITS FROM STAGELAND.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

Profound apologies to my colleague of "Indiscretions," but: Who is the world-famed violinist who treated the residents of a borough S.E., to an exhibition of his powers as an itinerant street musician one recent Saturday night?

* * *

Little Miss Elise Craven does indeed take the whole burden of the Prince's pantomime, "Cinderella," on her own pretty shoulders. I should imagine the show might be a peculiarly colourless contraption without a generous infusion of her dainty spirit.

DAINTY ELISE CRAVEN.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier's "Pearls" by Stanley Houghton, at the Coliseum, is a departure from this distinguished young author's methods. It is a welcome, because well written, thrill a la Grand Guignol.

* * *

The credulous critic of an incautious contemporary alleged that "Hullo, Ragtime," the Hippodrome's revue, cost £12,000 to stage and produce.

Above-mentioned C.C. must be suffering from the effects of a panto. over-applied, even more than I am, as it has evidently caused him to "think in diamonds!"

* * *

EUSTACE AND THE BONES.

Mr. Eustace Gray must now be recognised as a Force in the variety world. By his successful revival of minstrelsy at the Palladium he has challenged and reversed the opinions of experts whose initial disbelief in the success of the venture would have deterred any but the strongest and most experienced of producers.

* * *

Welcome to Mr. Matheson Lang, and his wife, Miss Hutin Britton, home from their phenomenal Australian tour. They will open at the Palladium next month with a version of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" for matinees only.

* * *

OF COURSE, IT'S PELISSIER!

LITTLE TICH EXPECTS "A TIP."

* * *

Evidently "Drake" set Mr. Lang thinking!

W. R. C. R.

RAGS AND BONES.

Some Gleanings from a Scrap Heap.

Ever been in a rag and bone shop? Well, I have.

It seems to have all the elements of chaos—to be the limit in sordidness and poverty.

Things rejected of men come here and find an abiding place. And the smell of it might serve the same purpose as the mummy at the Egyptian feast, for the odour was of decay and death!

This particular rag and bone merchant was a woman.

A woman well advanced in years, with the intelligence which comes from having had human lives to read instead of books.

The shop was situated in a little dark narrow street easy to reach those dwellers in neighbouring slums around it.

And while I waited human derelicts drifted in and out with cargoes of the grease and paper which they bartered there for the tiny pittance which meant a few more minutes of drifting on the ocean of misery.

Then, as the twilight deepened, creatures like bats flitted in bearing noisome burdens of rags.

It was a relief when a cheerful lad put his head in and asked if she'd buy an old suit, or exchange it for some tools he saw in the window.

"Yes, I buy anything," she said in response to a question as a small child deposited several jam pots, and received joyfully the coins which meant sweets.

"Ever get anything of value?" I asked. Mrs. Grimes' eyes twinkled behind her spectacles. "Maybe yes; maybe no." she said.

And I guess.

The lost silver spoon and the mislaid trinklet pass more often than not into the possession of the Mrs. Grimes of Society.

A slipshod woman, not old in years, but worn and haggard, came in with a bundle of clothes, clothes which the pawnbroker had no use for.

Those old things may have had memories, but Mrs. Grimes was no sentimentalist. She bundled the whole lot into a sack, weighed it, and produced fourpence out of her large under-pocket.

"Is that all!" Then, with a sigh of resignation that translated into words is "It can't be helped," the woman took it and shuffled out again.

"Poor thing," I said, commiseratingly.

Mrs. Grimes laughed.

"She wouldn't like you to say that," she observed. "That woman has several children. She lives in a cellar—goodness only knows what on—but if you were to speak to her she'd tell you she was getting on all right now, because her husband had been left a fortune, and they were only waiting for the lawyers. In the meantime, she comes to me."

Ah! well, romance is not dead yet, and the beautiful world of make-believe can be reached even from a scrap heap.

Once more the shop is invaded. This time an elderly woman with a face that, if not the index to her character, is a key-note to her pet vice. She has a saucepan to dispose of. "Nearly new," she says, displaying it vigorously.

The deal being negotiated, she adds "Look here, Mrs. Grimes, if you haven't sold it by next week I'll buy it back."

The merchant in odds and ends nodded.

"Do these things ever go back to their original owners?" I ask.

"Not often," is the reply.

Then Mrs Grimes grows anecdotal.

"I remember once a young woman brought me a silver-mounted umbrella—some pawnbrokers, you know, won't touch umbrellas—and asked me to lend her a few shillings on it; she'd have it back soon. I said I never lent; wouldn't do, you know, me not having a license. But she begged and prayed, and at last I agreed to keep it for a month, and gave her half-a-crown."

"And did she come again?"

"Bless you, yes! She came and gave me a nice present for minding that umbrella."

She broke off to attend to an untidy girl with a jar of dripping for sale.

"They want that to put on their bread, for there's eight of them, but their father must have the publican's drippings instead of what their mother gets given to her by the cook where she works."

And then another of the derelicts drifts in, and I go out of the rag and bone shop into the fresher air outside, and leave Mrs. Grimes to grow rich out of the scrap heap.

NEW READERS CAN BEGIN TO READ "SIN" TO-DAY.

THE "ARSENAL'S" FUTURE.

What will Become of Woolwich?

A little time ago I wrote of the possibility of Woolwich Arsenal being ousted from the First Division of the English League, and now, alas, that possibility has become almost a certainty, and everyone is asking everyone else what is to become of the team which, in its hey-day, did more than any other to put the game on its present footing in the South.

It will be a long time, I think, before any of us forget the glorious struggle they made to gain their ambition to get into the premier division, and once having gained their object, what a fine fight they have made to retain it in the face of all manner of unlooked for contingencies.

Bull-Dog Perseverance.

Fate has never been particularly kind to them since the first year they played amongst the top dogs, and with one or two exceptions they have always occupied a lowly position, and seemed in danger of going down; but the bull-dog perseverence which has always been characteristic of them has pulled them through, and we have breathed for another season.

It is, however, no use attempting to blind ourselves to what is an obvious fact, and it is of no use even hoping for the best, since it is beyond reason to even think that they can escape the dreaded relegation.

Then comes the question referred to above as to what is to become of them. That they can live in the Second Division is very unlikely, as they are in a pretty bad way financially, and would suffer still further in that direction by a natural falling off in the "gate."

There is, of course, a possibility of their becoming merged in one or other of the first-class Metropolitan clubs, but as to that we can only "wait and see," and in the meantime, hope that a way will be found to keep them afloat, and that they may yet return to the prosperity they enjoyed in former years.

Teams and Their Prospects.

After the excitement of last Saturday, this week's matches will be comparatively tame, but nevertheless interesting, and some may result as under:—

Home winners: Derby County, Sheffield Wednesday, Everton, Birmingham, Notts Forest, Crystal Palace, Plymouth Argyle.

Away winners: Newcastle, Barnsley, West Ham, Millwall.

Draws: West Bromwich and Aston Villa, Bury and Fulham, Huddersfield and Wolves, Northampton and Queen's Park Rangers.

ALWAYS TO THE FORE.

"Have you hymns 'Ancient and Modern'?"
Asked the lady at the stall.
"We've *Modern Man*," the clerk said,
"But no ancient hims at all."

"I want an up-to-date young man,"
The dainty damsel sighed.
"Have *Modern Man*, he's excellent."
Her bosom friend replied.

The old maid dropped a tear. "Ah me!
I'm surely on the shelf."
So her friends just sent her *Modern Man*;
Now she quite enjoys herself.

Said the grocer's wife, "My old man's
Done a bunk and robbed the till:
But he hasn't taken *Modern Man*.
So I've got a gold-mine still."

Jane, the pretty under-housemaid,
Of her followers had doubt,
So she pins her faith to *Modern Man*.
And on Monday he comes out.

Now we've all learnt ancient history,
And by all their gods we swear
Modern Man is much more pleasing
Than the rough old heroes there.

C. S.

MY NOTE BOOK.

ANOTHER INCIDENT IN A TRAIN.

At one time or another we all get what w like to speak of as interesting or singul experiences. A few weeks ago, it will b remembered, I referred to an incident in train when a stranger, reading a copy *Modern Man*, handed it to me to peruse, at the same tim indulging in some very kind expressions. A couple of day ago a similar thing happened to me whilst travelling o the Metropolitan Railway. All this may not strike som readers as being of any real consequence, but there is n doubt a good deal of significance attaching to it. Recom mendations of this sort are far reaching in their effect and the two incidents I have mentioned prove that ther are readers determined to lose no opportunity in makin known the merits of their favourite weekly.

I deeply appreciate practical interest in any form, an if any of my new supporters have anything of interest t tell me of "how I became introduced to *Modern Man*" shall be pleased to hear from them.

* * *

Last week the winner of our Football prize only misse the premier award by one result. This clearly shows th possibilities and should spur on every one of my reade to an extra effort. You can find much to do with £250.

* * *

LONDON READER AND FOX HUNTING.

"E.B." Portugal Street, London, W.C writing under the heading of Fox Hunting says: It is a favourite argument with defenders of fox hunting that it ought be encouraged for economic reasons, becau its discontinuance would throw many people out of employ ment. Of course, it would. No abuse has ever yet bee abolished without the people who profited by it being thrown out of their employment.

The abolition of the slave trade naturally deprived many thousands of people of their means of livelihood. Many of us hope that the time may come when nations will learn to live side by side without fighting, but the abolition of w will throw millions out of work who are employed now preparing for it.

The economic fallacy, of course, is in thinking that th money spent in these abuses would be lost to the world they ceased. This is not the case at all. The people wh now spend their money on sport would spend it on some thing else. They would not keep it in the teapot, lyin idle. They must spend it on something, and they could hardly find anything less useful or productive to th community than preserving foxes in order that they ma have the pleasure afterwards of killing them. The ex people would probably learn to get their amusement an spend their money in ways similar to those of non-sportin people. The same number of people would be employe in other ways, which would be more productive and les demoralising all round.

* * *

WHEN WAR WILL BE UNKNOWN.

This week I am able to give a few mor prophecies for the year 2013. By this tim languages will be almost unknown. Th ceaseless progress of science and indust will have almost altered the face of th English language, which, in its new form, will be spoke as a quasi-universal tongue throughout the globe. W will disappear soon after we have reached the year 200 and men of the future ages will wonder why so intelligen and reasonable a race as ours could ever have tolerate its brutality.

* * *

IN SUPPORT OF A CAMPAIGN.

Writing from Cardiff, "C.D.," a native Liss, says:—"In your issue dated Decemb 21st, you referred to the offer of 3d. per he for the heads of chaffinches, greenfinche bullfinches and tom-tits, made by the R and Sparrow Club, of Liss, in Hampshire. The price p is 3d. per dozen heads, and I should like to point out th the birds mentioned are all hard-billed birds, there their presence or absence would not affect insect life.

"The reason a campaign is made against these birds because they live on the young buds of fruit trees, et and do considerable damage, particularly in the spring.

"The great increase in the number of these birds is due their 'natural enemy,' the hawk, practically disappearin from the district, and artificial means have therefore to provided where the natural means have disappeared, order to limit their number." YOUR EDITOR.

SOUTHERN READER WINS £25. SEE PAGE 1806.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 27: COMMANDER LYNE.

This week's sketch is of the man of whom in our last issue we expressed the greatest pride. A former Jack Tar, he is now in command of a unit of our first line of defence, and the story of his rise from the lower deck to the bridge should be a help and encouragement to thousands of ambitious youths in their own selected callings in life. Of course, it stands to reason every Jack Tar cannot become a commander of a battleship, nor can it be expected that every civilian can become the managing director of a big commercial concern; but what Commander Lyne's career has clearly demonstrated is that one never knows the outcome of giving our very best to that sphere of activity in which we find ourselves; of our never allowing to slip by any chance of distinction.

Upon entering the service Commander Lyne, as mentioned in *Modern Man* last week, followed the usual routine of men on the lower deck, but after a few years' service was selected as a captain's coxswain. In February, 1898, he was advanced to the warrant rank of gunner, but it was not until about four years later, during the South African War, that he received his great chance of distinction.

Having qualified for the duties, he was placed in charge of No. 60 torpedo-boat, which was employed in patrolling and despatch-running on the west coast of Cape Colony. The vessel was at sea on one occasion when she broke down completely, her main shaft giving way, and leaving her practically helpless some 30 miles from a dangerous coast. Her commander, however, proved equal to the emergency by rigging up a sail for the vessel out of deck-cloths and similar articles, and with great skill he navigated her back to a safe anchorage in Saldana Bay.

£250 IS THE FIRST PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

The Modern Woman's Interests.

The latest novelty in society is for ladies to wear watches on their shoes.. True, a timely movement, but not one likely to become very popular.

* * *

Colours and Complexion.

Do you always consider whether the colours you wear are suited to your own particular complexion? It will pay you to do so. Pale blue and pink should be carefully avoided by those with red hair as they exaggerate rather than soften the natural colouring; but they will never make any mistake with the dark shades of brown, especially red-brown.

Brown is also the colour for a brown-eyed woman. It will bring out the beauty of her eyes as no other shade can, if she will choose the right tint. The blue-eyed girl should wear pale blue as often as possible. Grey is becoming to women with grey hair and to young women who have grey eyes and lovely complexions; while white is becoming almost to everyone, old or young, providing she selects the right tint. The blonde can wear pure white without a tinge of yellow or pink in it ; but the brunette must be careful to wear the soft cream shades; and if she wears black at all it must be very glossy, while a pronounced blonde may safely deck herself in the dull black which is used for mourning.

* * *

Keeping Flowers Fresh.

All flowers will last longer if the stems are clipped a little, and the water changed each day. All foliage should be stripped from the stalks which rest in the water, as this does away with the disagreeable, slimy appearance of the water, and prevents it smelling unpleasantly.

Violets and lilies of the valley will last longer at this time of the year if placed in a little warm water. A few drops of sal volatile added to the water will wonderfully revive faded flowers. When sending blossoms by post, pack them as tightly as possible, and cover close with leaves, moss, and soft paper.

* * *

Said the bald-headed man to the waitress bold,
"Look here, woman! my cocoa's cold!"
She replied scornfully, "I can't help that!
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat."

—*Judge.*

* * *

Is a Woman's Past Her Own?

That is the vital problem which faced the anonymous author of "He Who Passed." Knowing what she knew, having suffered what she had suffered, could she honestly give herself as wife to "M.L.G.," to whom the book is written, and who had asked her to marry him?

It was the old story. Before she was sixteen she had gone on the stage and met the—seemingly—inevitable manager, the manager who offers to give girls a chance—on certain terms.

She—this is a true story—accepted the terms, and the bargain lasted for four years. Later on "M.L.G.," the English soldier, with a trace of "the Oxford voice," came into her life. He loved her and she loved him, but she sent him away—because she did not consider that her past was her own.

The few people who knew said that they had passed out of each other's lives. For years they saw or heard nothing of each other. Then the woman, unable to stifle her feelings or the truth any longer, wrote a book explaining everything. Fate sent a review of the book into the man's hands, and then began in earnest one of the greatest real life romances imaginable.

The man—he was living somewhere out in the tropics—recognised the message as being one to him, started enquiries, found the woman—and now they are to be married.

So far as he is concerned her past is her own.

Is he right? I think so.

So long as a man and a woman love each other their past life is their own. However regrettable it may have been no possible good is served by confession. Nor, except where there is a child, or medical reasons in the case, is any wrong done by keeping silence. Love excuses all, and deliberately to sacrifice love on account of something that is past and gone is not only foolish—it is criminal.

A woman's past is her own, just as much as a man's is his.

Are Pretty Girls to be Envied?

"I notice the question has been raised of pretty girls v. plain," writes "M.B." (Reading), "and I, as a plain damsel, hasten to take up my pen on behalf of plain girls.

"I have no hesitation in saying that pretty girls are not to be envied. They are objects of jealousy to most of their less fortunate friends, and rivals to their equally lucky ones. The natural consequence is that comments passed upon them are seldom flattering. In the 'Matrimonial Stakes' it is not always the pretty girls who have the best chance of marrying well—far from it.

"A plain face will often take a man's fancy before a pretty one, for it is a common saying that 'there is no accounting or taste.' The one and only advantage enjoyed by the pretty girl—and even that is a doubtful one—is the attention she receives from different men.

"A man likes to be seen walking with a good-looking girl. It flatters his vanity. He will pay her numerous attentions and take her about to all sorts of amusements, at the same time remarking 'She is all very well to flirt with, but I shouldn't care for her as a wife.'"

* * *

Something New in Stockings.

Englishwomen are wearing stockings made in Paris of real gold and silver thread.

These stockings are of gold and silver tissue around the ankle and half the length of the leg. The other half is made of silk. Their price is 27s. 6d., but the stockings made entirely of gold tissue, as worn in Paris, would cost about £2 10s.

* * *

A Strike has taken place among girls in Liverpool for the right to put on their hats and coats during their employer's time.

WHAT TO EXPECT NEXT.

Irate Mistress: "Jane! How dare you presume to go out in my coat and hat?"

Maid: "Well, if so be as you objects to me wearing a few of your clothes, I hands in me notice."

THERE IS FUN IN OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO START.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

BY

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SOME CHARACTERS IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

JASMINE FLOYD, the beautiful daughter of Wellington Floyd, of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," rich, and a Churchwarden.

CARL STUTTERMANN, a bully, who poses as a friend of Floyd's.

HARRY EARLE, nephew of Lord Clarestoke, a convict serving ten years' penal servitude.

MARY GLOVER, a poor girl whom Jasmine meets accidentally.

HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, son and heir of Lord Clarestoke.

TIGG, butler at Lord Clarestoke's in Eaton Square.

Jasmine shows Carl Stuttermann a letter, which tells her that her father is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fails to lunch with him at his house in Chelsea on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, should be in the hands of the police within an hour.

Earle effects a dramatic escape from Portmill Prison, in order to try to track down his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her.

Jasmine sets out in a dense fog to travel to Chelsea by a tube train which is wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers is a girl, named Mary Glover, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order to secure some money, she consents to change clothes and impersonate Jasmine at the luncheon.

Using a key which Stuttermann lent her on condition that she promised to lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to a villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone diamond, and later she is amazed to see Harry Earle in the room and hear him address her father: "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I'm Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he gets no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness.

Upon escaping from the house, Jasmine goes to Stuttermann's residence to fetch Mary Glover, and is horrified to find her dead at the luncheon table.

Lennie Shoreham is perturbed when he hears from Jasmine, now known as Miss Henry, of her promise to marry Earle, and, disguised as a warder, visits Earle, who has been re-arrested, at Portmill Prison, and tells him that he (Earle) is the real heir to the Clarestoke peerage, adding, "I am a woman, not a man, and am mad with love for you."

In the prison hospital, a dying convict describes to Earle the fellow who placed the stolen diamonds in his (Earle's) room, the jewels for which he was convicted, and he further vouchsafes the information that Stuttermann himself had told him he was jealous of Earle because he wanted Jasmine.

Lord Clarestoke dies suddenly and Lennie Shoreham determines that Earle shall win his peerage by trampling on Jasmine Floyd's heart. Jasmine pays a secret visit to her old home and also visits Stuttermann's house, where she overhears Stutterman and her father plotting Earle's death.

The Doctor gives Earle a violet which he says Lord Clarestoke had picked for him from the grave of Jasmine Floyd. A new batch of convicts arrive at the Prison, and one man stares at Earle with eyes that have a peculiar meaning in them.

CHAPTER IX. (continued).

THE STEALING OF THE BREAD.

"Yes—a fight—and perhaps to the death," Harry Earle repeated to himself as he watched the newly-arrived man from Wormwood Scrubbs go on his way along the landing in obedience to the warder's barked-out order.

For something about this man and more especially the alert eyes with their hot brightness, as of live coals, made him certain, with a curious certainty of a hunted creature who scents an enemy, that here he saw before him the very individual who had come to his rooms to plant stolen jewels there, and who had dropped his tie-clip with the initials "G.G." scratched upon it.

Ah! If only that man who had died here in the infirmary were alive now to recognise the scoundrel who had first given him the downward thrust that had ended in his swallowing bits of glass to escape from the horrors of life within these iron walls!

But that man's description, although not detailed, had been clear so far as it went. He had said among other things that the fellow had sickly white hands—white and small as a woman's. Well, this man must have been in Wormwood Scrubbs for some months, so his hands could not be white; but Harry Earle had noticed as he passed that the hands whose fingers twitched below the sleeves of his drab jacket, had looked as if they had been well cared for before the prison labour had roughened them. They had certainly been the kind of hands to make duplicate keys and do the delicate locksmith work necessary in the practice of his criminal profession.

"Yes, that is the man," Harry Earle said in his throat. "He is tall, too." And then it seemed to him that he heard again the voice of the dying convict in the infirmary crying out to him with the last few breaths he drew: "When you get out, play that there Carl Stuttermann a bad turn. And find that man 'G.G.' and make him pay. Make 'em all pay."

Yes, Harry Earle would make them all pay, as soon as he could—all these men who had hounded him into undeserved disgrace and degradation and anguish. Let him only get out of this place and he would have his vengeance. And as far as this one man was concerned—this man with the glowing eyes, like live coals, and the small effeminate hands that had known how to work a way into his rooms and leave damning evidences of crime there to ruin him—he might deal with him, with Heaven's help, even within the walls of this prison. Perhaps it was in order that he might be dealt with that Heaven had sent him here. In these first hours not a ghost of a suspicion came into Harry Earle's mind that this newcomer from Wormwood Scrubbs meant in his turn to deal with him, and carried in fact in his secret soul sealed orders to compass his death.

No suspicion came to him even later, though he seized every chance to watch the man closely. In the chapel on the first morning he looked at him keenly, but, so far as he could see, his interest was not returned. The stranger met his eyes as he met the eyes of the hundreds of other staring convicts—as coldly and as disdainfully.

"That there new lag from the Scrubbs thinks a mighty lot of 'imself," was the convicts' verdict upon him. "Anybody'd think he was a prince in disguise. 'E must be a good one at 'is business, whatever that business may be, for three or four of the tip-top swell mobsmen 'ere gives 'im nods and winks on the quiet. 'E've started with the outdoor workers, but they won't keep 'im at that very long. Those queer little 'ands of 'is can't do much good with the slinging and shoving of granite blocks. 'E'll be in the tailors' shop or with the shoemakers before you can say Jack Robinson. And somebody 'ull have to tell him to stop giving himself them airs. We've 'ad a peer's son here once emptying our slops, and if he wasn't uppish nobody else need be."

Following him up one of the iron stairways at the noon hour when the outdoor gangs were returning from work, Harry Earle breathed in his ear the name of the man who had died in the infirmary and in dying had done his best to betray him. Harry had whispered only this name and not a word more. Yet the man in front of him started perceptibly, and by this start Harry knew that he had not been jumping to rash conclusions, but that this newcomer was in very deed the man he had in the first sight of him guessed him to be.

He waited now for an opportunity to say more to him than the one or two jerked out words in passing which were all he had been able to say up to the present. The opportunity came on the Sunday morning, when it happened that the man was immediately in front of him in the file in which they both tramped round and round in one of the gloomy prison yards, in the monotonous spell of exercise known as "The Fools' Parade." Leaning forward, he spoke quickly:

"You know I am Harry Earle—oh, yes, you know it—and I know that you are the man who did more than anybody else to work my destruction. You came to my rooms and got into them by means of a duplicate key in the very hour in which that cowardly robbery was committed for which I am paying the penalty here. You were in the plot of that robbery and drugging. You put two or three of the stolen jewels in my rooms in order to incriminate me, and then you paid that man

"NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS SUPPLIED FREE. SEND TO-DAY.

who died here the other day five hundred pounds to hold his tongue about you. He took the five hundred and held his tongue, and let me be sent to this place of horror. Your bribe turned him into a monster. But at the last he was sorry, for your money had proved itself to be accursed to him. It dragged him down till it brought him here. So you see I know what I owe you. You have been pretending not to know me, but you have known me very well all the time. And I demand of you that you ask to see the Governor of this prison at once and tell him that you know me to be innocent of the crime for which I am here. You cannot hurt yourself now by so doing and you will save me. Do you hear? That is what you have got to do or I shall know the reason why."

He had poured out the words rapidly, fiercely. No answer came from the man in front. But he had quickened his pace. "You need not pretend that you don't hear me or don't understand me, because I know very well that you do both," went on Harry Earle's pitilessly accusing voice, sounding closer and closer to the man who was clearly trying to get beyond earshot. "What wrong had I ever done you that you and your accomplices should make me your scapegoat? I warn you that if you do not go to the Governor and confess the wrong you have done me I will go to him myself and tell him who you are. I know nothing of your name and number here or for what crime you have been sent here, but I know that you and your criminal associates have ruined my life and broken my heart, and broken the heart of the woman I loved, so that she died. And I will make you pay—Heaven helping me! I will make you pay!"

The voice of a warder thundered out a command to Harry Earle to keep from treading upon the heels of the prisoner in front of him. And Harry dropped back into his place.

The man behind him, a pleasant-faced fellow, but suspiciously rubicund about the nose, reproached him mildly.

"I say, young 'un, 'aven't you been a bit 'ard on that chap in front? You've been making his foot 'urt 'im by treading upon his heels. He's always had things soft, so it don't take much to hurt him. He've had money to spend in his time. Look at the gold fillings in his mouth!"

Harry Earle laughed bitterly as he went on with his wretched tramping round the yard. Yes, he had made "G.G." limp a little. Or perhaps he had sprained a tendon of his foot in the quarry. Harry Earle's hands were itching to strike his enemy down, but he held himself in. Perhaps this man would go to the prison Governor and state what he knew of the plot against the young fellow who had been fixed upon as the scapegoat of a band of scoundrels. In any case, he was inside these terrible walls of Portmill and could not escape.

"If he does not speak out the truth to the Governor to-morrow he will have to reckon with me, and the reckoning will be terrible," Harry Earle said in his throat.

And now, as always, his thoughts went back to Jasmine Floyd, the girl whom he had loved and lost. He had put the violet that had been sent him from her grave—or from the grave that he believed to be hers—between the leaves of the prison Bible in his cell. He never doubted for a moment that she was dead. And yet, if she were dead, why did his heart and soul and all his being yearn towards her as if she were still a living woman?

He had spoken of her just now to the mysterious enemy who tramped in front of him as if she had died of a broken heart. But now the words of the dying convict in the infirmary came back to him:

"Don't you believe as Miss Floyd died natural in his house. If she did die there, then 'e must 'ave killed 'er."

The dying convict had been speaking of Carl Stuttermann. Could it be true? Had Carl Stuttermann murdered her?

"God help me! If I believed it I would break out from here and find him and kill him, even if I paid for it with my own life before another sun had risen."

All through the rest of that day he seemed to see the eyes of the woman he loved shining before him as he walked or sat or stood in the gloom of the prison hall. Mutely those eyes seemed to say to him that she was living and that she loved him more ardently, more passionately than ever.

"Why am I tortured with this vision?" he asked himself a score of times. "Why have I this strange feeling that she is still living? Did I not with my own eyes see her lying dead before me? Has not someone sent me a flower that grew on her grave?"

He opened his Bible at the place where the little winter violet lay crushed up between the leaves, and took the flower out and kissed it. The prison officials had not discovered this treasure. He hoped that because it was in the Bible they would leave it alone. He felt that if they should take it away from him his heart would indeed break, and he would pray that death might come to him at once.

But, as it was, the arrival of the glowing-eyed stranger from Wormwood Scrubbs had given him something to live for. At least now before he died he could make his name clean and bright again; the name that was to have been Jasmine Floyd's.

This was the one thing he thought of now—to clear off all stain from himself because she had loved him and would have been his.

And all the while he was a peer, and he never dreamed of the fact. Lately he had ceased to think of that strange occurrence of Lennie Shoreham coming to him at the quarry edge dressed as a warder, and telling him that she was a woman and that he was in reality the heir to the Clarestoke title and that she would give up his rights to him if he would give her his heart in return. He had made up his mind that the amazing thing had never happened, but had been only a delusion of his fever-tortured brain, and so had put the very memory of it from him. Why should he remember the delusions of days and nights in which the delirium of fever had made him a victim of madness?

In these hours, in fact, he would not have been thankful if he had learned that he was Lord Clarestoke. Where was the good of worldly honours if Jasmine Floyd was no longer alive to share them with him?

More and more, as the heavy minutes of this Sunday passed, he felt that he wanted nothing more of Heaven than just to clear his name and then give up his life and lie beside his darling in her grave.

"If that man does not confess to the governor to-morrow how much he did to incriminate me, I shall take him by the throat and perhaps shake the very life out of his worthless body," he told himself. And for the rest of that day he sat very quiet in his cell, taking no notice of the tappings of his neighbours on either side upon the thin corrugated iron of the partition walls. He was still weak in body, but he knew that a kind of false strength born of fierce anger and bitterness, would come to him once he should touch this man with the live coal eyes and the contemptibly small and delicate hands which had done so much to ruin his life.

The next morning he went to his work as usual, attending to the stove and the irons in the tailors' shop. His face was tense with suppressed feeling—hope and suspense and a terrible resolve to exact payment in anguish and it might be even in blood if he were disappointed.

Why should not his enemy speak out the truth? He had been already caught and was here, undergoing his punishment. Things could not be made any worse for him if he confessed to a few more evil things that he had done.

"He would save me without doing himself any harm," Harry Earle thought. "For if he were to tell the Governor that he himself had manufactured the most damning part of the evidence on which I was convicted, then the Governor would inform the Home Secretary, and my case would be inquired into and my innocence would be proved. Then, though Jasmine herself is dead, yet the world shall know that the man who loved her was a man of honour and not the criminal he was made out to be."

So his mind worked as he banked up the stove and heated the irons, and gave them to the men at the pressing board. And at every moment he expected to be summoned to the Governor's private office and told that owing to a confession made by a convict newly arrived from Wormwood Scrubbs, he had a good chance of getting before long his "pardon" and his liberty.

And still he never suspected, even for a single instant, that the man with the glowing eyes was preparing in his turn to deal with him, and be more than even with him.

In his inward excitement that morning, Harry Earle had eaten the whole of the loaf of bread supplied him for his breakfast, but had put a thick slice of it aside on a shelf, as many prisoners do, to be eaten later on. He hoped it would be safe in its place when he looked for it, but he had slight doubts on the point because the pleasant-faced, red-nosed convict who had walked behind him in the exercise yard, was addicted to stealing odds and ends of food when he got a chance, and on returning to his cell at mid-day would climb up the iron stair with an agility and quickness that was almost devilish in order to get to the landing before his fellows and make a dart in at some open cell door in the hope of getting hold of a stray crust, or perhaps even a bit of meat or a lump of suet pudding, hidden away from the dinner of the day before. This pleasant-mannered thief's own quarters were on Harry Earle's landing, and therefore it was not wonderful that Harry should have a qualm or two as he put up his hand to the shelf where he had left the thick piece of bread which now he felt he needed to support his strength, even until the moment when the dinners should be served round.

The bread was not there. The smiling convict with the red nose had evidently been at his old tricks again, in spite of the fact that what he lost in food by way of punishment when he was found out far exceeded what he gained by his thieving, and Harry Earle was just wishing he could get at him and wondering how he would be able to endure the hunger pangs within him until the scanty enough meal should come round, when all the ironwork of the mighty hall resounded to awful screams that proceeded from the culprit's own cell. The warder of the landing, who was in the very act of locking Harry Earle's massive door upon him, rushed away without finishing this piece of precautionary work; and, realising this, Harry Earle followed him, summoned by those awful cries that told surely of a man in his last agony. There were other convicts round the thief's cell door while warders were coming running up from all directions, some of them pale of face and all wondering what new work Satan had been finding to do within these walls that knew so much of horror. They rushed pell mell into the narrow little cubicle of the man whose

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

dreams were now beginning to die down. And then they saw that this was no question of the mere sudden breaking out of the savage nature of a felon, but was a case for the doctor. For the ceasing of the desperate sounds of agony that had burst from the lips of the sufferer in the cell meant that that sufferer was nearly gone where bodily agony would never trouble him more.

"I'm dying—poisoned! The bread! The bread!"

Harry Earle, looking in with the throng of convicts and officers who were all jumbled up together, finding it impossible to crowd into the cell, saw a bit of dark crust on the floor at the dying prisoner's feet, and could have taken his oath that it was the edge crust of the thick slice of bread which he had put by to eat with his dinner. And instantly he saw the inner meaning of the whole horrible affair. It came upon him in a flash, just as the poor quaking figure inside the cell stiffened in the grip of the two warders who were supporting it, and had to be laid flat on the floor with the bedclothes from the hammock placed beneath the helpless head.

He saw that by stealing the piece of bread which he had put aside and eating it, this man had saved his life.

The bread had been poisoned. The new convict from Wormwood Scrubbs had been using his womanishly small fingers in inserting a tiny crystal of some deadly drug into the thickness of the soft bread with intent to remove out of his way, as well as out of the way of others, the man who had demanded of him that he should make confession of the truth.

But where had he obtained the poison? Or, if he had brought it into the prison here with him, where and how had he managed to conceal it that the cunning searchers who handled his whole body two or three times a day had not found it?

Harry Earle sat in his cell thinking deeply after the medical officer of the prison had declared the cause of the food stealer's death to be undoubtedly poison. And presently a gleam of further light came into his mind. This inner light grew clearer with every hour as during that night he lay sleepless in his hammock and listened to the howling of the wind about the massive walls of the great prison. He wondered if "G. G." knew yet that his murderous plan had taken effect on the wrong man.

CHAPTER X.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE WASH-HOUSE WINDOW.

In the morning the light in the vast iron hall, as in the other halls that went to make up the mighty pile of the convict settlement, was wan with a strange sickly wanness which came of the fact that the skylights were veiled with heavy masses of snow. The wind had abated, but there was a threatening of fog, and between this danger and the awkwardness of the deep snow the quarry gangs did not go out, but with the indoor workers took their exercise in the security of the yard. And so it happened that the opportunity for which Harry Earle had been praying to Heaven all night came as by Heaven's own deliberate will.

It was in the very middle of the exercise hour, and just as the inquest on the suddenly dead convict had ended in a verdict of "Accidental Poisoning," that there, rolled up over the desolate waste on which the prison was situated one of those almost instantaneous fogs that in this place come often without warning, and plunge the whole scene into dense greyness and hopeless confusion. Now, in the prison yard the files of men tramping miserably round and round in their hideous and pitifully comic garb became in the flash of a second lost to each other's sight, and so completely wrapped in fog that, if it had not been for the muffled shoutings and trampings round him each man might well have believed himself to be alone. Harry Earle was lost like the rest in gloom unspeakable, through which the fog hoarsened voices of the warders called fiercely in a frantic effort to herd together the straying members of the scattered black flock. But the guiding power of the vengeance craving is wonderful and sure, and in the dense, dark, choking darkness he went as straight as though led by a light to the man who was his enemy—the man with the eyes like burning coals, and the hands like a woman's. In a moment he had seized and gripped him, with one hand over his mouth and the other forcing him down—down—until the back of his head knocked against the hard, but now snow-covered, stones of the yard.

"Murderer! Poisoner! You got that piece of bread ready for me, and destiny baulked your evil designs, and made that poor fellow who stole it swallow your cowardly drug instead. You thought it easier to kill me than to tell the truth that

£250 FOR CORRECT FOOTBALL RESULTS

At all times a plentiful supply of money is required, and our Football Skill Competition will provide it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second, and Southern Leagues on Saturday, January 18th, and for the prize of £250 you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will **lose.** Where you predict a **draw** leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of £250. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results £25 will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, January 18th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 12 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 17th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 12.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 18th. Cross out —in ink— the name of the team you forecast will *lose.* For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BRADFORD CITY	v.	BOLTON WANDERERS.
CHELSEA	v.	NEWCASTLE UNITED.
EVERTON	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED.
SUNDERLAND	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v.	ASTON VILLA.
BIRMINGHAM	v.	LEICESTER FOSSE.
BLACKPOOL	v.	GLOSSOP.
BURY	v.	FULHAM.
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN	v.	WOLVER'MPTON WANDERERS.
LEEDS CITY	v.	BRADFORD.
NOTTS FOREST	v.	PRESTON NORTH END
NORWICH CITY	v.	MILLWALL
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE	v.	PORTSMOUTH.
STOKE	v.	COVENTRY CITY.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	WEST HAM
READING	v.	BRISTOL ROVERS.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man.* I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

ROCHESTER READER WINS THE PRIZE THIS WEEK.

would save me! I suppose there are some scoundrels outside in the free world who would make you suffer for it if you confessed even your own share in the dirty business of ruining me. Well, I am making you pay now for the wrong you have done to me, and for the life of that poor miserable fellow whom you sent to his doom. What have you to say why I should not kill you now? A life for a life! And no one will know. What have you to say? I set your lips free to answer me, but if you shout or scream, I will kill you before help can come. Answer me, I say! What have you to say for your life?"

The breath was nearly out of the other's body already, but he choked out a response:

"If you kill me, everything I could say to save you will be lost. The others won't speak."

"Who are the others? Speak! speak! I know one is Stuttermann, but who are the rest of the horrible pack?"

"One is Troop, the fence. I can't tell you any more. Let me go! Take your knees from my chest! You're pressing the life out of me."

You would have had the life out of me by this time if you had had your way, and you have got the blood of another man on your hands—another poor wretch who hadn't done you any harm. You've got no right to ask for mercy. Who are the others who joined with you in making me their scapegoat?"

"I shan't tell you that. You may kill me if you like, but you'll never get that out of me."

"Why did they choose me for their scapegoat? Was it because I was the first man that they found ready to their hand, or because they had some personal grudge against me? Speak! Tell me the truth."

"No! Not a word more. You can kill me if you like. I may as well be finished off by you as by them."

Harry Earle's brain, working rapidly, realised that it might be more important to let this man live than to hand him over to the prison authorities to pay the death penalty for the life that he had taken.

"Listen here!" he said, speaking close to the prostrate head. "I shan't kill you. I will not shed blood unless in self-defence. But I can hand you over to have the rope put round your neck for murder, and I'll do it unless you give me your word that you'll go to the governor in this very hour and confess to him what share you had in sending me here. If you fail me in this, you are as good as a dead man. Have you got any more of that cyanide of potassium about you?"

His hand was on the mouth of the man who lay under his down-pressing knees. He was feeling among the teeth and the gold work among them.

"Ah! This gold crown is loose! I see I was right in my [illegible] so carefully away where the cleverest prison official couldn't find it, though he might prod you all over and look into your mouth a hundred times. This piece of gold comes out I see. I don't doubt that it is ingeniously made, so as to ensure your own safety from its contents. There may be another poison crystal in it in case the first one should fail—as it did fail. I will keep it and see. I shall not be searched between here and my cell, and there is a place there where I can hide it for one night. So I see you must have supplied yourself with this stuff before you came here—which means that you were sent here to compass my death if possible. God help me! Ought I to let such a fiend as you go free of the rope to use his [illegible] life to working evil to others again.

"Look out! Listen to me, Harry Earle! Let me get up a minute! I've got something to show you; it's something that the wind must have blown into this yard last night. It's news of her—that girl you were so mighty fond of—Jasmine Floyd."

"News of Jasmine Floyd—here? Are you lying to me?"

"No! No! Let me get up and you'll see. You've got the gold crown, and what's in it, and that'll give you hold enough on me. There! There's a light just shone out from the window of the laundry. Drag me along there if you won't let me go and look at this bit of paper that I picked up from the snow here in the yard ten minutes ago."

Almost against his will, Harry Earle let him get up then, and dragged him along to where a lighted window showed faintly through the thick fog. Still, without relaxing his grip of his enemy, he took from that enemy's hand a dirty little fragment of paper with some writing upon it. And at the sight of what that writing was, he staggered, and had to clutch for support at the man whom he had gripped relentlessly as a bloodhound holds its quarry a few moments before.

"Good God! Is this a message from the dead? What is the meaning of it?"

(To be continued.)

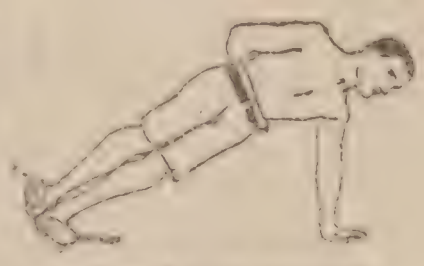
LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS POWERFUL MELODRAMA NEXT WEEK.

Dr. Frank Raymond King stated at a Camberwell inquest recently that "the refusal to take food, if persisted in, was a sign of insanity."

Surely this will be a hard saying for some leading spirits of to-day. Mayhap it closes the door of Holloway, but it opens the gateway of Colney Hatch.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



FOR THE SIDE MUSCLES.

The exercise I give this week is a sound developer for the biceps, side and thigh muscles.

Sit on the floor with the legs extended in front of you and the body leaning slightly backwards.

Place the left hand on the ground about eighteen inches behind you, and slightly to the left.

Now twist the shoulders to the left until they are in line with the left arm, and at the same time turn the legs over so that the weight rests on the left thigh, the right leg, with the exception of the heel, being off the ground.

Place the right arm behind the back. Next raise the body slowly to the position shown in the sketch, turning the head slowly downwards until you are looking at the left hand. Lower the body again and turn over until you are sitting upright, and then repeat the process with the right hand on the ground and the body turned to the right.

The muscles of the side and of the thigh, as well as of the supporting arm, are those principally developed.

Best Position for Sleep.

I have often been asked by readers the best position in which to sleep. One correspondent informed me that he had heard it was correct to sleep on the right side one night and on the left side the next.

To the average man such a practice would be most harmful, for the weight of the body impedes the action of the heart, and thus makes sleeping on the left side both uncomfortable and dangerous.

The right side is the side for slumber.

BRIEF REPLIES.

K.D. (Leyton).—Deep breathing exercises are valuable because they develop the lungs, and lung development is infinitely more important than a big chest measurement acquired by artificially developing the chest muscles.

J.H. (Norwich).—Keep applying fomentations until the boil breaks, then dust with powder composed one part Iodoform, three-parts Boracic Acid, finally covering with Boracic Lint.

To the pimples apply ointment composed as follows:—

Hypochloride of Sulphur, one drachm.

Carbonate of Potash, ten grains.

Vaseline, one ounce.

The great thing, however, is to pay attention to your general health and to keep the bowels open by exercise, fruit and vegetables, in preference to aperient drugs.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth** of **shoulder, general health** and **business personality**. Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system. **Involving no appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit, and no drugs. PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, CROYDON.**

PERHAPS YOU ARE AFRAID

that the fee of half-a-crown which we charge for "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" is not the full fee. Certainly this sum is so ridiculously small that your dubiety is natural, but you have our word that **you will not be asked to pay a penny beyond this fee.** You also have it on the authority of the Editor and the Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man," who both have from time to time recommended this famous Course to their readers. By means of "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" you can enormously develop your Will-Power, Concentration, Self-Reliance and Personal Magnetism in a few weeks. The Course is sent in plain sealed package. Remember, the fee for the WHOLE Course (four lessons) is only **2/6 (abroad 6d. extra).**

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height), Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

THERE IS NO LIMIT TO FOOTBALL COUPONS.

Can you answer these questions?

Every man engaged in business ought to know the answers to these questions. DO YOU know them all?

YOU will probably find it quite easy to answer most of these questions, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will find several others a good deal more difficult. Some of them, indeed, may be altogether beyond you.

And yet, you will agree, they are all questions that you might have to answer any day in your own business. So try—if only out of curiosity—run through the list and see how many you can answer correctly.

20 Specimen Questions.

1. What is the exact purpose of a ledger?
2. What do these signs mean: "E. and O.E." "F.A.S.," and "G.A."?
3. How do you open a branch?
4. What is a consignment note?
5. Do you know how to organise a sale?
6. Do you understand office organisation?
7. What is the difference between sending goods on "consignment" and "on sale or return"?
8. How often by law must a factory be "lime-washed"?
9. How and when is a judgment summons issued?
10. What is the cost of registering a limited company?
11. What is the rule about doubtful debts in assessing income tax?
12. Do you know how to take out a patent?
13. Must a receipt be in writing to be valid?
14. What exactly is a "special settlement"?
15. How and when can you claim for loss of an article sent by registered post?
16. What is the difference between a factor and a broker?
17. How would you draw up a selling scheme?
18. How does a secured creditor in bankruptcy abandon his security?
19. Is a seaside shopkeeper liable for rates in the winter when his shop is shut up?
20. How can you recover debts at court without the expense of a solicitor or collecting agency?

How Many Did You Answer?

Well, how have you come through this examination in ... knowledge? You must not forget that the knowledge of these facts and of many other facts like them is absolutely necessary to you if you mean to succeed. If you are in business for yourself you know how useful you would find it to be able to answer any business problem that arose; if you are working for others you must realise that your employer will value you more highly if he knows he can go to you for information when he needs it.

How You Can Answer All.

And that is why the "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser" is so valuable a work—because it contains information about every point in business life. With it by your side you can answer any question about business that is put to you. For instance, you can answer all the questions that you have just asked yourself. You will find the full purpose of a ledger in the article on Ledgers, Vol. III., page 294. Under "Abbreviations" you will find the meaning of every symbol and sign that is used in business to-day. The third question you will solve by looking up the fine article on the Basic Idea in Business, and so on with all the other questions; and, in fact, with any question about anything relating to business. Thus, in question 19, you will find in a moment that the shopkeeper is liable for rates for the whole time (see Vol. III., page 26).

How This Concerns You.

These questions may not arise in your business, but others do, and if you think it would mean anything to you to know at once what to say or do in every emergency, you should send the coupon below for a handsome illustrated book on Business, telling all about the "Business Encyclopædia" and giving the names of the successful business men who have written it. It also tells how any reader of *Modern Man* may obtain the complete work in seven volumes for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, and pay the balance in small monthly payments. Sending the coupon commits you to nothing. Is such an opportunity one you should miss?

All the information you get from the "Business Encyclopædia" is up-to-date and reliable, for its contributors include many of the most successful business men of the day, among them being such famous men as Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director Harrod's Stores), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley, Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the "Daily Mail"), etc., etc.

Two Opinions.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man to possess."

A CASHIER'S OPINION.

Mr. L. C. Horsley, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich: "I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

This coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia," but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms to readers of "Modern Man."

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." I am a reader of MODERN MAN.

Name.....
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address.....

.....

6s. 6d. FOR NOTHING IS WHAT YOUR EDITOR OFFERS YOU.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The Stock Exchange is doing its best to revive public interest in markets, and the general tone keeps cheerful.

* * *

Railway traffic returns are generally of a satisfactory nature, and all the important railway companies have now announced the dates upon which they intend to announce their dividend.

* * *

The first will be that of the Great Eastern, due on the 16th of this month. The Metropolitan will be declared on the 21st, the Brighton and the South-Eastern and Chatham on the 22nd, the Lancashire and Yorkshire on the 23rd, the Great Central and the South-Western on the 24th, the Great Northern and the North-Eastern on the 31st, the Caledonian on February 4th, the North British on February 6th, the Midland on February 7th, and the North-Western and Great Western on February 12th.

* * *

Among rails chief interest has again centered around Little Chats and South Eastern Deferred.

* * *

The Undergrounds are again receiving attention. Districts are strong at £43 and Mets. hold their rise at £55.

* * *

Great Northern Def. are worth attention at 52½, and Great Central Def. are a good pick up at 12½.

* * *

It is gratifying to learn that a lot of my readers took advantage of my advice to buy Grand Trunk Third at about £50 to £52, but now that the stock has risen to about 58, I advise the speculative reader to secure his profit; but in cases where readers have bought the stock for investment purposes I say hang on and take your dividends.

* * *

The speculator in Grand Trunks should wait for a reaction and then go in again.

* * *

You can buy 6 per cent. Mexican Railway Second Pref. for a rise and the half-year dividend to December 31st.

* * *

Mexican Railway Ordinary are a gamble, but, despite revolutions, etc., are likely to be put 4 or 5 points better before the dividend is declared in April next.

* * *

Americans are still in the position of "they don't know what to do." The Court's decision in the Merger case about Union Pacifics is a bull point one day and a bear the next.

* * *

We are likely to see still lower prices among Americans, and then a steady rise to more rational quotations; the present price of Union Pacifics, Eeries, and a few others is absurdly low.

* * *

Industrials have been very quiet, but there have been one or two bright spots in Associated Cement, with a rise to 7½, and National Steam Cars have been very active at 33s. 6d.

* * *

Speculators in Rubber should watch the market closely and get in and out Rubber Trusts, present price about 13s. This concern is interested in a large number of the best rubber companies, and can be well called the barometer of the rubber market.

* * *

The Pataling Rubber Estates is an excellent investment showing a return of 12½ per cent., and is under-valued at the present price of 2 1-16 xd.

* * *

Anglo Malay, Linggi, and Vallambrosa are the leading speculative rubber shares worth my readers' close attention who are interested in this market. Watch prices and get in on any reaction. The present is a good opportunity to buy.

* * *

The moment is ripe to buy oil shares. The market is in a healthy condition, and a sharp appreciation in prices cannot much longer be delayed.

* * *

Oil is an expanding industry, and one or two companies like Shell Transport, Mexican Eagle, British Burmah and Spies Petroleum are the pick of the basket.

If you take advantage of opportunities now, there are many markets in which you can make money.

* * *

Rhodesia is ready for big developments.

* * *

Chartereds are already up 2s. 6d. at 27s. 6d., and should go better.

* * *

Land shares are bound to be in the forefront, and the most prominent of which we shall see Exploring Land, Minerals and Amalgamated Properties.

* * *

Rhodesian Central Mines are still doing well, as the following latest report just received.

"RHODESIAN CENTRAL GOLD MINING CO., LTD.—Manager's report to hand, dated 20th November, 1912, states:—Emerald Isle Property: No. 3 shaft sunk further six feet; width of reef still averages 35 inches, panning 8 dwts. No. 1 level still driving. Width of reef 39 inches, panning 10-11 dwts."

"Alexandra Property: Have again sampled reef in both workings; average pannings 20 dwts.: trial crushing of tailings substantiate values; check assays average dwts. Ore from rich shute assaying 130.60 dwts. included in the above. Work proceeding satisfactorily. Rainy season commenced."

* * *

The Cobalt Group are still doing well. Caseys have been a very strong spot, and Cobalt Townsite excellent weekly returns showing a weekly profit on £3,000 should still go better.

* * *

We are likely to see some new issues in this market soon, but I advise my readers to be very careful in selection.

* * *

The Nigerian Tin market is at last showing signs of waking up, and well it might when we find tin at the extremely high price of £229 per ton.

* * *

The December output of the different companies show improvement here and there, as against November, whereas the output for Rayfields last month was 25 tons is only 50 tons this month. The directors in a circular issued say they are convinced that it is in the best interests of all concerned that the output should still be subordinate to the development and construction work in anticipation of the arrival of the plant, which is now being shipped to this country.

* * *

I look that Rayfields are the best in this market, Naraguta, Jos Tin, and Kaduna 5s. shares are worth attention.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Mainprize.—Have received your letter, but you have omitted to Please forward and I will reply to your query.

C. Jameson (Hull).—We are likely to see better times in Mexican Oil Shares, so advise you to buy the shares you mention now.

H. E. (Clapham).—Rubber Trusts are the barometer of the rubber and are a fair purchase at the present price. The best to buy in Oils is Spies Petroleum, Mexican Eagle, or Shell Transport.

F. B. (Leicester).—See my last week's notes about Bromassie. I think the 10s. shares are worth buying at about 7s. 6d. I hear good news about Casey Cobalt, and if you buy 25 of these I think you can safely look for a profit of 10s. per share.

E. P. (Weymouth).—I am pleased to hear you held on to your Traction, and as you could now see a good profit, perhaps it is as well to sell, although I think they are likely to go above in a very short time.

E. B. (York).—I have asked a broker to buy 25 Rhodesian Mining for you and send you the particulars you require about Trunk Third Prefs.

P. R. (Luton).—By all means buy National Steam Cars, the co. is making excellent progress and shareholders can look for a dividend in the current year.

M. C. (Surrey).—I should advise you to operate now, as they are likely to go better.

G. R. (Brighton).—Do not have anything to do with bucket shops, you are sure to lose your money. If you want to deal in Stock Shares do so through a member of the Stock Exchange.

L. O. (Southend).—I am glad to hear you have made a substantial on Grand Trunk Third Pref., also Districts. Buy 50 Casey Cobalt a 10s. rise.

A. P. (Chelmsford).—Buy Pataling Rubber Estates and National Cars. I cannot advise Premier Oil, Spies Petroleum are much better.

Brown (St. John's Wood).—If you will deal with bucket shops you must expect to lose your money. The shares you mention are rubbish, you would do better by buying some Casey Cobalt at about 27s. or Spies Petroleum at about 24s.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

IN THE RING.

Jim Jeffries' View on Holding.

n Jeffries, once heavyweight champion of the world, recently given vent to his feelings of disgust at the unt of holding which is the characteristic of most ent-day boxers. Inter alia, he says, "Why a boxer ld hold, I never have been able to understand, and n I see one doing so I cannot help but believe that he raid of getting hit."

ow we have quite a distinct recollection of seeing a ring-photo of the Jeff-Johnson slam, showing the ex-cham- embracing the big coon like a long lost brother.

* * *

y the way, speaking of Johnson, we hear that he may t Joe Jeannette in Paris. Perhaps he will, and perhaps nost decidedly won't.

* * *

f all the proposed white hope contests in which Billy ls is rumoured to appear shortly, the most probable at with Luther McCarty, who recently put it all over er. The venue will most likely be the Madison Square den arena in New York, under the direction of Billy son.

ill they come. Another white hope has been unearthed, is going to lick creation certain. The latest addition red McKay, who made good by knocking out Andy ris, the Boston heavyweight. It appears that any man America, scaling anything over thirteen stone, can blish himself as a full blown white hope with the least sible difficulty. What price John Bunny?

* * *

he contest which was to have come off at the King's l, between Bombardier Wells and Private Voyles, on ay last, has, after being postponed, now been declared altogether.

erhaps the advance sales were not quite satisfactory. s not at all surprising.

* * *

ohnny Summers is seriously thinking of taking another to Australia, from which he has received some good ucements. Groans from Sid Burns and several others.

* * *

id Burns is simply gasping for a return match with nny for the belt, and should the latter decide to clear to Australia it will be a long time before Sid gets his nce.

* * *

Mr. Bettinson's benefit went off splendidly last Monday. e exhibitions provided much interesting and amusing rt. The spar between Mr. W. Bradley and Gunner Moir ost developed into a contest. The Gunner really can't nd an amateur's left hand pinking on top of his nose, and to let go a good hard wallop to the ribs now and again. everybody enjoyed themselves.

A WINTER'S MORN.

nto the midst of the silence of the approaching day re broke the sound of the heavy tramp of feet on the h road.

rom across the fields the ploughman was coming to work. He was a long, lean countryman, who now and again pped to beat his breast, and to blow warm breath ough his huge hands, to help the blood to circulate.

As he reached the stable and lit his lantern, the horses ned to gaze at him, realising that the time for labour d come.

He ttered a few brief and brisk words of command as dealt out their breakfast.

In half an hour's time, when the horses' munching at e manger grew slack and intermittent, he led them t across the farmyard, just as the drawing of bolts and fastening of shutters indicated that the early risers at e farm house were astir.

The procession moved leisurely along the drive until e half-ploughed field was reached. A still and pene- ating mist lay in flat sheets over the fields, and the rime- overed hedges stood out of it like long, dark strips of nd in a stormy sea.

The plough, left as it had been the day before at the nd of a furrow, had become fixed by the frost, and it was no easy matter to get it to work.

As the sun rose unobtrusively above the level of the hedges, the horses, plough, and man commenced to move slowly across the field, and he realised that, despite the drawback of early winter rising, there was something attractive in being abroad upon the land even at this early hour.

And as, hour by hour, the day grew more glorious, the ploughman and his team moved stolidly backward and forwards across the fields, and he lifted his voice in a country song, and sang for very joy of life.

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MOTOR CYCLE NOTES.

Demands for 1913 Inland Revenue licenses are now being circulated, but for the benefit of those who are not using their machines until the spring I may state that the license is not due until the machine is on the road; so that owners who are storing their machines with a view to selling later on, and getting more up-to-date mounts, should take advantage of this fact, as these licenses are not transferable from one machine to another.

To those who are renewing licenses I should like to point out that it is not compulsory to take out a license in the district where they reside, and I advise them not to pay this license in a county that is unfriendly towards motorists.

Londoners, for instance, who have enjoyed spins on the Kentish roads (admittedly the best in England) could do worse than favour this county. The South Western counties (Dorset, etc.) are also very amicably disposed towards motoring people.

Of late I have been asked many questions regarding the care of tyres during the winter. Personally, I always advocate starting the season with a brand new pair of heavy non-skids. Punctures are rare in the winter, but water plays havoc with the fabric of a tyre, and even if your present tyres are only half worn out they probably have a few minute cuts or gashes where damp can enter, and it will be found infinitely cheaper in the long run to get a new pair of tyres now and defer the wearing out of the old ones until the more congenial weather.

It does not seem generally known that the proper and only way to correct a skid is to immediately steer the vehicle in the direction of the skid. This, of course, only applies to cars, and sidecar machines. I shall deal in next week's issue with the best way for solo riders to avoid sideslips.

RACING SELECTIONS.

BIRMINGHAM, MONDAY:
Staffordshire Handicap Hurdle Race: BRONZEWING III.
Highfield Handicap Steeplechase: SHANAWAN.
BIRMINGHAM, TUESDAY.
Birmingham Handicap Steeplechase: FORKHILL.
TENBY, WEDNESDAY.
Licensed Victuallers' Novices Hurdle Race: TANLAN.
Town Selling Steeplechase: FLEACATCHER.
Lord Lieutenant's Plate: SUCCUBUS.
Visitors' Selling Hurdle Race: DOUBLE CROSS.
Grove Steeplechase: BALLYMADUN.
TENBY, THURSDAY:
Lawrenny Maiden Steeplechase: THIRTY THREE.
Tenby Selling Handicap Steeplechase: FLEACATCHER.
Knighston Selling Hurdle Race: NEWGRANGE.
Coronation Hurdle Race: B. and S.
HURST PARK, FRIDAY.
New Year Handicap Hurdle Race: BAGOTSTOWN.
Surbiton Handicap Steeplechase: KING OF THE SCARLETS.
HURST PARK, SATURDAY.
Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase: CLONDALKIN.
Richmond Selling Steeplechase: TITTERSTONE.
Weir Selling Hurdle Handicap: MOUL MESSER.
Amateurs' Handicap Hurdle Race: WARFARE.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE KNOWS EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESSAGE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE BENEFIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSAGES.

ROCHESTER READER WINS FOOTBALL PRIZE.

No. 10 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In our No. 10 Football Competition a Rochester Reader succeeded in forecasting fourteen correct results out of the sixteen matches given, and therefore takes the prize of £25.

The fortunate person is:—

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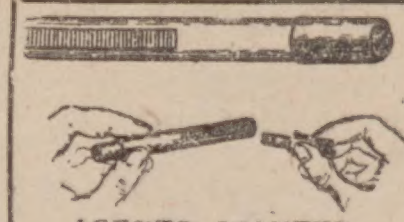
7, Kings Street, Rochester.



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HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

POCKET FLAPS.

average tailor, unless he is given special instructions, es only the two side-pockets of the jacket, and possibly p-pocket of the trousers, with flaps.

for the man who does much "knocking about" this enough. Things have a way of dropping out of the ts, or occasionally of being removed by some outside , that the pocket-flap is needed to counteract, and ng attire, at any rate, should be plentifully supplied them.

waistcoat may well have a flap to each pocket, and difficulty is experienced in getting them to lie flat, may be fixed down by means of buttons, and the con- of the pockets are thus made doubly safe.

inside pockets of the jacket also are not as secure y might be, and the ticket pocket and the right hand pocket, in which most men keep their pocket-book apers, should be provided with flaps, the latter having a button.

ese are bound to come in useful some time—when are travelling, riding, cycling, or what not—and if do not tell your tailor to add them when he is making it, the chances are that you will never trouble to them put on later.

READY-MADE OVERCOATS.

ough most of us naturally prefer to have our suits according to our measurements, there are numbers en who do not go to so much trouble when buying an oat. Like their boots, shoes, and hats, they buy it y-made, and in very many cases they look just as well as if it had been made to measure.

, on the other hand, you often come across a man ng an overcoat which, though an obviously good one lf, nevertheless has no pretensions to suiting him. tight under the arms, giving him a narrow-chested appearance, and the shoulder seams stand up in ridges. When the coat is buttoned up it looks like a sausage-skin, and when unbuttoned floats behind him in the slightest breeze.

The keynote of fashion in most garments at the present time is ease and looseness; and the great tip, when buying a ready-made overcoat, is to get a coat one or more sizes larger than the shopman recommends you to choose. It will present a much "roomier" and more fashionable appearance, and will "fall" much more gracefully about your figure. And above all, don't forget to see that the shoulder seams are well ironed down.

The man who is merely "swathed" in cloth can never be considered well-dressed.

A TALL ORDER.

As is quite easily understood, some men get them more often than others. For instance, there is one man who is inundated daily with them, but he is not in the least embarrassed. On the contrary, increases heighten his pleasure, simply because he knows exactly what to do without hesitation.

None of us really like to be small and insignificant, and this is where Professor Prowse, of 3, North End Chambers, Croydon, shines—he can increase your height. Set him a tall order.

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Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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For books, see Caxton Publishing Co.'s announcement on page 1803.

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For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1806.

Fine razor strops, best velvet hide, bargain, 1s., post free.—Box 706, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C

Gramophone de Luxe, massive Chippendale Cabinet, standing over 4 feet, on wheels, very sweet tone, perfect, with records; shaped legs; £5 5s., approval willingly.—Elliott, 96, Guilford Street, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Angler's cabinet, fitted with artificial baits, casts, flights, book of flies, check winch, silk waterproof line, a quantity of other items, a complete and expensive outfit, practically new, by Ogden Smith, Hardy Bros., and others, price £2 2s.—Box 730, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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Dated, January 18th, 1913.

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